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POETRY — BOOK REVIEWS

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Red Herridge or Red Herring?

FOR a long time people have waited, and we waited with them, for Mr. Herridge to make clear the purpose, plans and platform of the New Democracy movement. Others waited on Mr. Herridge: rumours were thick that, in the same place at the same time as he, were seen such and such influential politicians and newspapermen from Ontario and Quebec. These rumours subsided into a series of unexplained coincidences, Mr. Hepburn has magnanimously decided not to campaign against Mr. Mackenzie King; of all possible allies only Mr. Aberhart walks alone at the side of the New Democrat, while the Communists hold on to his coat tails and at times mistake them for a bridle. But there is still no platform, only a few platitudes on the need for economic reform spiced with a spot of social credit (or discredit?).

The New Democracy movement was based on the idea that Progressive candidates—all those opposed to the two old parties—should not stand in each other's way. This idea is hardly new, and it naturally appeals to the common sense of the average voter. But, before they can possibly be carried into effect, even if the time were ripe, such popular front proposals require two things: first, a clear and definite minimum program which the various progressive parties can accept and for the sake of which they agree to bury their differences until those measures are achieved — and Mr. Herridge is anything but clear and definite; second, consummate tact, quick understanding of practical political difficulties, real respect for the point of view of others, supreme diplomacy and quite a bit of self-effacement on the part of the key man in any such movement—and Mr. Herridge does not seem to fit the bill.

The New Democracy movement had a function to perform in the more backward sections of the country, politically speaking, where a socialist is still looked upon as half man-eating tiger and half academic visionary; in Quebec, some parts

of Ontario, and elsewhere. There Mr. Bennett's brother-in-law might have gained for at least vague reformism—and still may — many votes that would otherwise have gone to reaction. And Mr. Herridge was definitely pledged, at first, to leave alone those constituencies and territories where other progressive parties were already well on the way to victory. Unfortunately, he is doing the exact opposite: he has made no speeches in Quebec to date and only one in Toronto. On the other hand he has held a convention and set up a separate organization in Saskatchewan where the C.C.F. has entirely displaced the Conservative party and is admittedly proceeding rapidly to win the province. Such action is a strange contradiction of earlier pledges: either he had his tongue in his cheek when he made them, or his political naivete is even greater than we thought. It is little wonder that three provincial conventions of the C.C.F. have rejected Mr. Herridge almost unanimously.

We do not question his sincerity or his motives. We admire his occasionally exquisite laconisms, as when he replied to a long and violent attack from Dr. Manion with the single phrase: "Poor Old Bob," a comment which anyone who has followed the Conservative leader's speeches across the country will agree to be sublimely adequate. But we doubt his capacity for the work he has undertaken off his own bat; and it is difficult to forget that his approximate prototype in the 1935 election, Mr. Stevens, is now again a pillar of the Conservative party. Moreover, any popular front movement, to have any chance or meaning, must be popular; it must have a mass basis. His has none. It has only a self-appointed leader who has never, as far as we know, previously belonged to any active progressive organization. His program was not presented to any conference for discussion and approval. In a word, the New Democracy is not democratic. It might do well to consider for a moment the fate of Mr. George

McCullagh's Leadership League, now in progress of being decently buried.

We have suggested that Mr. Herridge had a function to fulfill in the politically backward areas. It may still be time for him to concentrate on them and to withdraw from where the one real progressive party, the C.C.F., has every chance of success without him. If he does so, he will help the cause of progress; if he does not, he will merely introduce further confusion and discouragement where courage and clarity are so badly needed. He will then merely further split the progressive vote as Mr. Stevens did in 1935, and then withdraw, having succeeded in being only a not very red herring blocking for a day (perhaps a long day) the road to necessary change.

Falsifying Election Issues

IT is now clear that the province of Quebec, if not the whole of Canada, is to be provided with one simple, false election issue by the Conservative Party. The Canadian people, it appears, must choose between Dr. Manion and Communism. There are no half-way houses. Once Communism was just the Communist Party. Then the C.C.F. came along, and it was obviously Communist. Then the Liberal Party repealed Section 98 of the Criminal Code, so it became Communist. Then Mr. Herridge started the New Democracy movement which the Communists joined along with Social Credit, so he and they are all Communist. The Hon. Sam Gobeil, former Postmaster General of Canada, in a recent speech at St. Hyacinth is reported to have instructed the electorate in this fashion: "Socialism is father to Liberalism, the former minister claimed, and both are foster fathers of Communism he said, adding that Communists, Socialists and Liberals constitute the "Red" army of Canada." All this is reminiscent of 1935, when the Conservatives distributed a pamphlet in Quebec showing Communists pulling steeples off churches with long ropes, and when they put "Mr. Sage" on the radio with his series of red-baiting broadcasts. According to some of the leaders of Conservatism, the great majority of the Canadian people must now be Communists. It not only can happen here; it has happened here.

It remains to be seen whether this fantastic nonsense is capable of producing the desired effect, even in Catholic Quebec. It indicates pretty clearly the political bankruptcy of what was once a major political party. It also suggests the kind of policy which would be followed by Conservatives if they ever achieve power. The re-enactment of Section 98, the multiplication of Padlock Laws, are the least we may expect. More and

more Canadian Conservatism is becoming a residue of reactionary left-overs; Toronto imperialists, high finance, and the fascist wing of Catholicism. Colonel Drew, Dr. Manion and the Hon. Sam Gobeil, with Denton Massey playing the part of Anthony Eden—that would make a good beginning to a new Dominion Cabinet. Ultimately such a party would reabsorb its turbulent left wing with modest concessions of social legislation, and the stagnation we have suffered for the past ten years would continue for another five.

Election Broadcasting

ALL fairminded people will welcome the decision of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to allot free time to the various national parties during the election campaign. Between dissolution and the election, no time will be purchasable on the C.B.C. network, only on subsidiary networks within each province over privately owned stations. Anything that makes the means of propaganda less dependent on the moneybags is a step towards democracy. It should also work out for the benefit of the listener in other ways; he may be saved from an orgy of political talks that would interfere with his entertainment, and he will be ensured a fair presentation of the alternatives before him. The decision is, of course a boon to the less powerful parties whose radical policies are not welcome to our financial oligarchs but even the old parties, we imagine, may be relieved not to have to spend vast sums on broadcasting. It still leaves them with plenty of advantages.

The allotment of time between the parties is to be calculated by taking various factors into account: the standing of the parties in the present House of Commons, the size of the vote secured at the last election, the number of candidates in the field, the standing in the House at the preceding dissolution, and the principle that the electors are entitled to an equal presentation of the different points of view. New political parties with a nation-wide organization and a minimum of 61 candidates spread over at least three provinces will also receive a share of time. We do not envy the C.B.C. officials the job of working out the allotment on such a complicated basis, yet it is obvious that it cannot be done much more simply. The general principles seem sound, and we hope that all legitimate claims will be satisfied.

Some of the C.B.C.'s loudest critics are to be found among those who always pose as self-proclaimed champions of the British way of life. We may perhaps remind them that in Britain radio time is not for sale at all.

U.S. Neutrality

THERE is a good deal of confusion and misunderstanding about the United States' attitude in case of war. In his article on another page, Prof. Alexander, writing from California, asserts that the average American is determined not to be dragged into any European war. This view is confirmed by recent events in Washington, and by the actions of the Administration itself. True, it wants the present neutrality legislation revised and the embargo on the export of arms in case of war removed. The request is based on two contentions: first, that the embargo draws an artificial line between armaments and other merchandise and is useless as a measure to keep America out of war; second, that it would work in favour of the dictators. The second is probably true, the first highly debatable.

Much is made of Roosevelt's stand in the European press and ours, and rightly. But the point often obscured is that both sides emphatically proclaim their intention to keep the States out of war. State Secretary Hull, in the statement to Congress which the President endorsed, says so again and again: "Both sides agree that in the event of foreign wars this nation should maintain a status of strict neutrality, and that around the structure of neutrality we should so shape our policies as to keep this country from being drawn into war."

The difference is on HOW to keep out. The proposals supported by Hull and Roosevelt would still "prohibit American vessels from entering combat areas," and insist that the title to exported goods be transferred to the purchaser before leaving the U.S.; but they believe that they can so frame the law as to give economic help to the democracies "within the bounds of neutrality." Senator Borah, on the other hand, maintains that to alter the law with any such end in view is not neutrality at all and would ultimately cause American participation. Logic would seem to be on the side of the Senator, but the point for us to remember is that both sides are determined to remain neutral.

Danzig

OUR columns are always open to the expression of differing views on the urgent problems of the day. We accordingly print Mr. Withall's article suggesting Danzig should be allowed to join the Reich at once. It draws attention to several vital factors: Danzig is German and in itself not worth a war (as the London Times said some time ago); the gradual restriction of liberties in the "democracies" is not unwelcome, we

suspect, to the British and French governments. Above all, the suspicion that Mr. Chamberlain himself would prefer another deal with the Fascists to a firm alliance with Russia is shared by many, in England as everywhere else. Mr. Chamberlain has not, as a matter of fact, said that a Nazi coup in Danzig would mean war. He has said that it would "raise grave issues affecting Polish independence" and that "in case of a clear threat to her independence," Poland would be assisted by Britain. To those who think that means the same thing we recommend a study of the British Premier's pronouncements before Munich.

We think that Mr. Withall is over-optimistic, however, in believing that to yield over Danzig now would be construed as the result of a sense of justice rather than a threat of force. Here the Russian alliance is vital, for it would place the balance of power clearly on the side of Britain and France. Then there might be some chance of dealing with Danzig, and other problems, on a basis of equitable negotiations, as Mr. Chamberlain is ever saying they should be. Without this alliance, Britain can neither yield with dignity nor negotiate with firmness. Without it, the guarantee to Poland is a positive menace, and more "appeasement" under the worst conditions seems almost inevitable. The only hope we can discover at this late stage in the game of power politics is that Mr. Chamberlain may still be compelled by public pressure to conclude an alliance with Russia or quit. The great danger is that, instead, he may be merely compelled to go to war.

Canadian Dependence

BITAIN'S refusal, in 1914, to commit herself in advance to a clear military alliance with France led the Germans to believe they might succeed in a lightning war without having to face British intervention. The three months' hesitation over the Russian alliance is giving them the same encouragement today. For Canadians the immediately significant fact is that we are tied by commitments amounting to a military alliance to a European government which has not only thrown overboard the idea of collective security through the League, but has failed to substitute an effective alternative policy. We are liable at any moment to be asked to engage in a conflict with only about half the forces on our side which we had in 1914, with, on the axis side, a stronger Italy and very probably an allied Spain.

It would seem that the time has come for Canada to take charge of her own foreign policy and, where she needs allies, to go out and find them herself.

Counting America In

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER

AS the clouds grow darker in the world-situation—and who can deny that the sky is portentously overcast when even a congenital Rotarian optimist like Mr. Neville Chamberlain always carries an umbrella?—the British press loves to flatter itself with the idea that in the great and ineluctable day of Armageddon the forces of the United States will be found drawn up shoulder to shoulder, or should one say wing to wing, with those of Britain and France, provided, of course, that Mr. Chamberlain has not by that time given France away, of which, were I a Frenchman, I should be very seriously afraid indeed. Considering how little is ever really known in England about America and especially about American feeling, the British editors, all perfectly insular whether Labor, Liberal, or Conservative, may be excused for such fatuous complacency, but one is a little surprised to see the same assumption calmly made by Canadian editors.

Let me offer a sample of this strange complacency. The paper from which I quote only occasionally suffers from anti-Americanitis. In the *Edmonton Journal* ("one of Canada's great newspapers") of February 24, there is a long editorial entitled "What United Democracies Could Do." It begins: "The evidence accumulates from day to day of a rapidly growing realization by our neighbors to the south of how deeply concerned they are in the strengthening of the position of other democratic nations."

That sentence will suggest the general idea; but what is the evidence that is so comfortingly accumulating? First that Mr. Bullitt, American Ambassador to France, practically endorsed M. Daladier's announced refusal to yield to blackmail, which, to be sure, leaves us wondering just what it was that he yielded to at Munich. But Mr. Bullitt is a notable Francophile, and is regarded by a good many people down here as representing the interests of the United States in France today about the way Ambassador Page represented them in England some twenty-five years ago. Mr. Bullitt, like Mr. Page, has a habit of representing himself. The next item is the rumpus attending the Nazi Madison Square Garden demonstration on the night of Monday, February 20. The *Journal* editorial writer must be aware that in an immense hive like New York City the rival broods of wasps have transferred to American soil their inveterate European hatreds, and in any event objection taken to the Nazi playing the fool in your own country is no proof

that you would go over Europe with a stick to prevent his being a fool there. Why should you? Has not Mr. Chamberlain given the right hand of fellowship to Herr Hitler, and become co-signer with him to that most fraudulent of cheques, the pact of German-British "renunciation of war?" Then finally, Dorothy Thompson, brilliant American commentatrix on foreign events, is quoted from the "*Ladies' Home Journal*" in extenso. But Dorothy's objectivity in these matters may be questioned since her conduct at the Nazi meeting mentioned above where she sat at the press table and shouted "Bosh!" at some of the remarks. I have no doubt that her expletive entirely failed to describe the totalitarian inanities, but it does not come well from the press bench, since we expect objectivity of our reporters and commentators on the news. The American press moreover is under heavy fire just now.

If the editor of the "*Journal*" or some such other complacent soul who really believes that America is shaving off her back curls preparatory to laying her head on the European chopping-block, actually lived down here in the United States and talked with representative samples of American opinion from professors to postmen, from business men to truck-drivers, I fear he would be surprised, perhaps even hurt. Presumably the argument in the mind of the Canadian editor which would be so influential in stimulating the American population to desire another European venture, is the necessity of defending a common heritage, democracy. But precisely there comes the rub. The American man in the street is wondering why he should be so concerned about the democracies of England and France when these two countries threw the only democracy in Central Europe to the Nazi wolves to save their own skins, and united in tying the hands of Spanish democracy behind its back and called it "non-intervention." And if you suggest that maybe the United States would not have helped Britain and France if they had made some sort of a stand for democracy in these cases, his answer most frequently is: "Well, why should we? Czechoslovakia and Spain are in Europe, aren't they? Why did England and France throw away the home help? We can look after democracy in America, and we intend to; let them do it in Europe." Incredible as it may seem to some Canadians, not too many, I hope, this seems down here in California to be sound reasoning to the average man. And certainly one is entitled

to ask why, if Britain and France were really keen on defending democracy, the plea on which they would hope to drag America into any subsequent conflict, they deliberately and with a callousness unrivalled in all history sacrificed two democratic nations, the one magnificently equipped and trained, the other, full of a heroic spirit, needing only a measure of material aid and a little "British" fair-play to which by every law of God and man it was entitled.

Then again, the American you meet in various walks of life is remarkably skeptical of the democracy of Mr. Chamberlain. The arbitrary way in which he joined in the Munich pact and merely reported the "fait accompli" to parliament, just as he has recently recognized Franco without previously securing the sanction of the Commons, strikes the American as singularly undemocratic. You may say what you please to him about cabinet responsibility, but you will have to remember that he is accustomed to see the Senate at Washington settle such matters by a vote of the House. No one has forgotten that Woodrow Wilson proposed but that the United States Senate disposed, and even admirers of Wilson are apt to admit that he forgot what America means by democracy as applied to foreign affairs. In the present writer's judgment, Mr. Withall in his contribution to the "Canadian Forum" for March was entirely right in saying: "The United States' isolationist sentiment, still subscribed to by the great mass of Americans, will play an important part in keeping that nation out of the conflict," and that sentiment is not based purely on geography but on a feeling that democracy as interpreted in the United States is a different thing. And so it is. Anyone is entitled to prefer the "managed" democracy of Britain, where a small ruling class always runs the show, as they did in ancient Rome till a dictator appeared to end that nonsense, and where a Laborite can often be brought to heel by an adroitly administered "Sir"; but he should not be surprised if the American lacks enthusiasm for it. It is well to remember too that just at this time the President has raised grave questionings in the minds of some of his strongest supporters by moves which are at least suspected of creating the possibility of America being dragged into another European war. The word is always "dragged," and it doesn't suggest much enthusiasm. I shall say nothing about the great war-debts of England and America which every one now knows never will be paid; that fact is not very helpful towards eliciting another disgorging of American treasure.

The object of this article is not to dissuade Canadians from taking out a new membership ticket in the European suicide club, but merely to point

out to them that they will be committing the gravest possible error if in making their decision to go to Armageddon or no, they think the Americans will just naturally have to go along to "make the world safe for democracy." That phrase down here is likely to provoke a laugh in a Republican and even in a Democrat of Wilsonian leanings a wry smile. This is a warning not to let your newspaper writers deceive you with conclusions which accord with their desires rather than with the facts of the case. Messrs. Daladier and Chamberlain excite no enthusiasm here, and, as their democracies admittedly seem well satisfied with them, there is here a somewhat general lack of enthusiasm about those democracies. America may conceivably be euchred into another European war, but she has an acute memory of how she was, undoubtedly, euchred into the last, and she is distinctly cagey. And if Mr. Chamberlain is entitled to appeal to his own England on the basis of pure business principles as against ethics, why should America be expected to respond to sentiment and not to govern her policy by exactly those same business ideas of international affairs that we have seen displayed by Britain and France in the case of the Czechs and Spaniards? Another European war-participation would ruin Canada. However, have it your own way, but remember that it is more than doubtful, improbable I should say, that America has any such feelings about making a common stand for democracy as most British and Canadian editors appear to think, except among some of the intelligentsia who are incurably Anglophile or Francophile, or even, in extreme cases, both.

No man can know beyond the chance of being wrong what a free nation of 130,000,000 people will do, but I submit, by way of justifying my expression of opinion, that California is a remarkably good vantage-point from which to study American opinion, because every one comes to California. And there is more truth in that than you might imagine; it is not just propaganda for Treasure Island.



This Danzig Question

JOHN G. WITHALL

WHY all this fuss about Danzig anyway? Hand the place over to Hitler and make it look as if the democracies were being generous instead of being forced (apparently and actually) to concede yet another point. If they don't give the city to him soon he'll compel them to at gun-point, as he did in the case of Czecho-Slovakia; let's forestall him and avoid another abject surrender. The people of Danzig, pro-German and Nazi in sympathies, desire this amalgamation with Germany, so why not, in the name of self-determination, let it come about. The powers-that-be long ago decided that Danzig would sooner or later be incorporated into the Reich. Yet now they are making a great to-do about the matter. What's the big idea? Is it sheer play-acting (hypocrisy) to get the peoples of the two democracies to relinquish still more of their cherished freedoms in preparation for the "imminent clash" that always recedes once the people have handed-over a few more of their ever-diminishing supply of guarantees to democratic liberty and personal security. By playing on the fears of the English people the British ruling class has bamboozled them into accepting conscription and A.R.P. In France the French workers have been frightened into relinquishing their hard-won gains in the matter of shorter hours and equitable pay. What remaining liberties do the ruling cliques of France and England want their respective peoples to surrender?; only temporarily, of course, only temporarily.

All down the line it has been the workers who have made sacrifices of liberties and of possessions; such sacrifices have, without a doubt, rendered them more vulnerable to economic pressure and more amenable to capitalistic coercion and exploitation. The capitalist rulers of England and France have, as yet, made no comparable contributions to "national security." Why? I suggest that if matters were as black as they and their press paint them (for the consumption of the workers) these same rulers would soon be relinquishing all or any of their privileges that stand in the way of the nation's, or more accurately, their personal safety. But, I suggest, that those in control in France and Britain know that things have not come to such a serious pass as they would have US believe, therefore they are not making (so far) any personal sacrifices for their own self-preservation. In brief, I suggest that the bogey isn't half what it's cracked-up to be. The bogey, however, is performing an invaluable

function in scaring the deluded majority into relinquishing those very juridical weapons and safeguards that have protected them from severer types of oppression and injustice to date. I contend, therefore, that all this furore about Danzig verges on being a hoax intended to stampede the workers into still more disastrous sacrifices. The workers should protest against this duplicity and should demand that the problem (and others associated with it) be resolved without further ado.

President Roosevelt considered Danzig's fate settled two or three months ago; he carefully omitted that territory (along with Iceland) in the list of countries which he asked Hitler to pledge himself not to move against. British opinion all along has shown itself ready to accept a peaceful, non-violent absorption of Danzig. Neville Chamberlain's attitude on that very point has perturbed the Poles considerably; particularly as he has refused to commit himself when asked what Britain would do in the event of a non-violent taking-over of the free city. Then why all this blustering, scurrying-around, tension-talk and counter-blasts? Why not hand the territory over to Hitler? That certainly would be a non-violent procedure! Is it far-fetched to suggest that the whole "crisis" is cooked-up to frighten the French and British peoples into surrendering additional bastions and safeguards of their liberties, until ultimately they will find themselves in the same impotent positions of the peoples of Germany, Italy and Russia? The fascization of England and France is going on apace but the ordinary Frenchman and Englishman are oblivious to it. They are too distracted by scarifying headlines and "rumours of wars."

Furthermore there's something especially "screwy" about this Danzig question. The British and French governments seem awfully determined to prevent Danzig's absorption into the Reich, though the people of Danzig desire such absorption. Yet the British and French governments didn't lift their respective little fingers to prevent the absorption of Czecho-Slovakia that desired so much to retain its autonomy and that loathed the Nazi regime.

In the past the European powers have driven Germany to use gangster tactics in order to squeeze from them the smallest concessions, no matter how just. Why not take the wind out of Hitler's sails by immediately handing over Danzig to him and accompanying same with a delib-

erate and sincere offer to co-operate with the German people in peaceably solving the other problems, (over-population, lack of raw materials, decline in trade, lack of colonies) that are besetting their country. England and France have repeatedly told Hitler recently that they are unafraid of him and that he cannot intimidate them any longer. By this constant repetition they have obviously convinced themselves they're not afraid; there is every possibility they have likewise convinced Hitler by now. Now, then, when

there's neither fear nor pressure goading them, is the time for the democracies to be magnanimous. It would be a magnificent gesture to hand over the disputed territory with the explanation that we have decided that the Germans have a just and rightful claim to same; it would convince the German people that the democracies can be influenced by just claims and considerations, and by conceding this item, that they are ready to move towards the airing and the peaceable solution of like legitimate claims.

Towards A Canadian Foreign Policy

W. L. MacDONALD

IN all recent discussions of Canadian defence one of the constant arguments to appear, for statement only, is the fact that as part of the American continent Canada must rely for defence, consciously or otherwise, upon the United States. It is curious and significant that this reliance upon our neighbor, generally viewed as being of ultimate importance, is merely predicated and forthwith dropped. May it be that this phenomenon is only another instance of what has been called ostrichism, a disorder said by many besides the cartoonist Low to infect all the democratic countries during recent years, and particularly during the past few months? It has occurred to the writer that the relations between Canada and the North American continent, more specifically the United States, ought to be brought more into the open if our "great neighbor" is as important an element in Canadian defence as she is alleged to be. Certainly a frank discussion of the question can do no harm, and there is just a chance that it may lead to some clarification of the situation.

Thirty-five years ago, after the Alaska Boundary award, a thoroughly disgusted versifier thus voiced the sentiments of an equally disgusted people in the Toronto "Globe." (I quote from memory):

O Uncle, come and walk on us, and jump on us,
and thump on us,
Don't think that we've got spunk in us because
we have a claim;
We're easy, Sam, we know we are, we're always
glad to think we are,
And when you steal our land from us we love you
just the same . . .

and several other stanzas of the same kind with the spray of sarcasm turned upon John Bull. But the irritation with both countries, which was so severe in some quarters as to cause a wild raving about Canadian independence, soon and inevitably settled down into a more or less philoso-

phical acceptance of a hard political, economic, and geographical fact, that Canada cannot be independent. And so in due time Canada and the United States celebrated the one hundred years of peace, "with wild, vague tumultuous wonder, speedily subsiding into neglect." This mutual congratulation in the best service-club manner strikes one as a very negative performance. Why not do something about it? In a generation going mad with fear and hatred, why not cash in on the sentiment of friendship while there is yet time? As a recent writer has remarked, live and let live is not good enough; live and "help" to live is a more wholesome attitude.

It is with a view to "doing something about it" that the present article is written. Next to the ever present domestic problems of unemployment and national unity, the question that sits nearest the heart and conscience of the Canadian people is that of a foreign policy. The policy of the present government is generally considered to be one of drift, absence of policy, and when all the factors of the situation are taken into consideration, a good argument may be made for such an attitude. For a policy of independent isolation, however, no good argument can be advanced. At the present time Canada is part of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and at all times a part of the North American continent; and it is hard to see how she can ever plow a lone furrow in international politics. In any case such an idea is out of step with contemporary world movements. As for an imperial policy, by which is meant a development in some form or sense of the present system, much has been said about it, and a great deal more is likely to be said in the months which lie before us. To the plethora of discussion on this point it is not my intention to add further comment. Everyone interested in this phase of the subject has already read MacKay and Rogers' "Canada Looks Abroad," where

all the pertinent material is marshalled and discussed without discernable prejudice. For the present argument, however, it should here be observed that within the past few years, and more particularly within recent months, Canada's attitude towards Great Britain has altered. The plain fact is that the people of Canada are no longer in a mood to sing, as they might have sung thirty years ago, that version of our National Anthem which features the words "By Britain's side whither betide." At the time of the Boer war in one of the so-called patriotic songs of the hour, Johnny Canuck was celebrated as a hero because—

He knew that he was wanted, never asked the reason why,

He took his gun and on the run made all the burghers fly.

But the Great War has intervened since then and also the Great Scares of last September, March, and April, and the "reason why" is a matter of insistent question. Rightly or wrongly Great Britain has been accused of helping to knife the League of Nations on at least three important occasions (Canada acting as assistant surgeon on one of them), and whoever is to blame, the cause of collective security—Canada's chief interest in the European scene—has suffered what appears to be a fatal blow. Furthermore Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement, which should in theory appeal to all civilised nations, has left us in bewildered alarm because it appears to rest for its fulfilment upon the pre-war system of European alliances; and most people on this continent regard the issue of that system to be war, inevitable and catastrophic. Be the issue what it may, Canadian confidence in the direction of British foreign policy has been badly strained if not broken, and in a world that momentarily seems on the point of running amuck, it would appear to be an act of wise realism to turn in the direction in which the greatest hope of peace and security lies,—the United States.

The proposition is that Canada should link its foreign policy with that of the United States. In other words Canada's position on questions involving her relations with other nations should be settled on the basis of a mutual understanding with the government of our American neighbor. And there should be a frank announcement to that effect. The change would have to be openly proclaimed so that not only the Empire but the whole world would be in no doubt as to the course Canada would take in all future disputes. Such an open declaration of policy would be in the best modern democratic tradition, beginning with President Wilson's "open covenants openly arrived at" to Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Munich, Paris and Rome, and his waving of a signed agreement

with Hitler in the face of an expectant throng on his return from the first momentous meeting with the dictators.

Let it here be underlined for the sake of clarity and emphasis that the proposition has only foreign policy in view—there is no suggestion of a union between the two countries. In other matters Canada would remain in the position she has occupied since the Statute of Westminster in 1931. Of course a new relation with the Crown would have to be arranged, but as MacKay and Rogers remark in "Canada Looks Abroad" (p. 240), "there is nothing sacrosanct in the doctrine of the unity of the Crown. Like other political and legal institutions, its purpose is to serve human welfare, not to restrict it, and given the will to change it there would appear to be no valid reason why it should not be changed." If the peace of the world is at stake, all mere human devices of government should give way.

It is as difficult to define the nature of the proposed policy as it is to "define" the policy of drift attributed to the present Liberal government. One can only speak of direction or aim. Whereas in general Canada now looks towards Great Britain for a lead in matters of foreign policy, she would henceforward look to the United States. Two examples of what is implied in a common foreign policy may be given. (1) Under the leadership of the United States Canada would become North American; she would send representatives to the Pan-American conferences; and so closely are the interests of the two countries bound together, so nearly alike do they think on world questions of the day, that they would probably pull together on most of the issues raised. It may even be that the fact of there being a large Roman Catholic element in Canada would make an appeal to the religious sentiment of Latin America; if so the way might be made smoother for an understanding between the American continents. (2) Our relations with the League of Nations might have to change, although there seems to be no necessary incompatibility in holding membership in the League and membership in a Union of American Republics at the same time. At the best we might persuade our neighbors to enter the League; at the worst we might have to withdraw from formal membership in a League which no longer means much for collective security. Even if the worst happened, we could still send representatives to sit on special committees dealing with questions of significance to Canada (as the delegates of the United States represent the interests of their nation) at the same time preserving our official connection with the International Labour Organization. Whether at Pan-American Conferences or at Geneva, Canada's voice, it is to be

supposed, would be as vigorous in criticism as it has been upon occasion at Imperial Conferences.

Such a reversal of our traditional policy towards Great Britain would in the long run almost surely make for a strengthening of the bonds between the democratic, or at least the Anglo-Saxon communities. Since the change would presumably come about in time of peace, there would be no necessary lessening of the sentiment towards Great Britain, and sentiment and trade are practically all that now holds Canada to England. That being the case, Canada could continue playing, as some people say, the role of interpreter between her American cousins and the mother country; only, it would seem, with vastly increased effectiveness. It is hardly likely that Great Britain would ever enter upon a war without at least the sympathy of the United States, much less would she engage in a war when the sympathy of practically the whole North American continent was against her.

The policy which is here advanced for discussion would seem to be a logical step in the drawing together of the two nations, which has been a marked sign of the times in recent months. A series of important books dealing with the relations between Canada and the United States has appeared within the last two years, among them Andre Siegfried's "Canada" (1937), MacKay and Rogers' "Canada Looks Abroad" (1938), F. R. Scott's "Canada Today" (1938), and "Canada and Her Great Neighbor," edited by H. F. Angus (1938). Each of these has its special object, but each emphasises the main points which have to be taken into consideration in any discussion of Canada's foreign policy. Merely to state these points is to draw attention to their enormous importance: the geographical position of Canada as part of the North American continent and as contiguous with the United States along practically all its southern border; the economic interdependence of Canada and the United States; and the mutual friendliness of the two nations.

One further item must be noted as especially significant of the rapid drawing together of the two neighbors—the proposed Alaska Highway. This is a matter vital to the defence of both Canada and the United States in the event of an attack upon the west coast. The project is still in the initial stages, but the significant thing about the whole scheme is the fact that there has appeared very little sign of strenuous opposition from either side of the border. The general tone of acquiescence with which the scheme has been received in the press is significant of the importance of the economic interdependence of the neighboring peoples. Sir Evelyn Wrench, founder and Vice-President of the Overseas League, has

recently suggested in a letter to the London "Times" that England should contribute £3,000,000 towards the scheme as a thankoffering for 125 years of peace between the two English-speaking commonwealths.

Finally one looks for historical parallels to see whether the past has anything to say to us on such a matter. Much could be learned from a study of the post-war relations between the Scandinavian countries, but let us merely refer to the most obvious parallel—that of Scotland and England. Here were two neighbors not separated by natural barriers, to a large extent sprung from common stock and speaking a common language, whose national pride had been fostered and mutual antagonism exacerbated by centuries of strife, and whose hatred would probably have kept them at one another's throats for another century had not reason and geography spoken a final word. No responsible historian has ever contended that the Act of Union of 1707, carried though it was by corrupt means, has been anything but a blessing to both nations. Incidentally no one has ever contended that the union of the two peoples has meant the swamping of the peculiar qualities of the weaker nation. The Scots the world over appear to be about as Scotch now as they were two hundred years ago. Canada and the United States are also two nations who speak the same language and who spring largely from the same stock. But they boast of a century and a quarter of peace, and obviously like one another. If historical parallels mean anything, there would appear to be a good chance of any kind of union between the two North American countries making for peace and prosperity. But in the case under consideration it is not a federal union, not to say a legislative union, that is contemplated—simply a common foreign policy in face of a mad world, a large part of which does not think, as we do, in terms of democracy.

It will no doubt be objected to the policy here outlined that it would be the proverbial thin edge of the wedge and that it would have as its final effect the splitting up of the Empire. This was the argument which wrecked the Liberal hopes during the 1911 campaign on the Reciprocity issue. The answer is that if the idea of mutual agreement with the United States on matters of foreign policy is a good thing for Canadians in the present circumstances, the future should be allowed to take care of itself. The aim and direction of such a policy is peace, not only for America but for the world. It is much better to endow the next generation with the fruits of peace than to saddle a succession of generations with the minimum price of war—mountains of taxes, frustration, and hatred.

Evolution and Revolution

A MARXIST VIEW

T. A. Jackson

(A critique of Mr. Jackson's well known work, "Dialectic, The Logic of Marxism," by Professor R. E. K. Pemberton, appeared in The Canadian Forum of March, 1938. Mr. Jackson's present article is a reply to the point of view there adopted.—Ed.).

MUCH time and patience is wasted by the sort of argument which supposes that men must either adopt the "method of evolution," or the "method of revolution." Or that asserts that either the multivarious phenomena of the universe have evolved by an unvarying process of minimal modifications; or, that it has been evolved by a succession of abrupt jumps or mutations.

Right at the outset it is important to stress the fact that dialectic method employed by the founders of Marxism viewed with radically critical suspicion each and every one of these either-or dilemmas. The real question is whether the revolutions which have undoubtedly taken place in history are to be regarded as part of the normal process of social evolution? Or whether they are to be treated as essentially diversions from the normal induced by relatively "accidental" circumstances?

Similarly, when the Marxist seeks to show that his conception of revolution as an integral phase in the process of social evolution has a basis in the processes of evolution in Nature, the point is not whether minimal modifications do, or do not, occur in Nature, but whether there are, or are not, to be observed, in conjunction with them, definite "leaps," "mutations" and "explosion phenomena."

The issue is confused by the loose and shifting senses in which the term "revolution" is applied. Thus we speak of the Industrial Revolution, of the Bolshevik Revolution, and of the "revolution in modern science." Obviously these are only identical in so far as in each case a radical transformation is indicated. But it will be observed that in each of these examples both "gradualism" and the "break-off of gradualism" form features of the process. The Industrial Revolution did involve the conscious introduction of new inventions, processes, and methods, and their introduction did involve the destruction and casting aside of old implements, methods, and processes. Also, it did involve for the human beings concerned, radical, and even drastic changes of status and condition. "For many" as Marx said, "the transition was one from life to death." That the Industrial Revolution proceeded gradually did not make its social consequences any less horrible for many.

Similarly the Russian Revolution of November 1917, although it involved the abrupt innovation of the seizure of power in the name of the proletariat and peasantry by the representatives of the All-Russia Soviet, and the defence of that seizure in arms against armed attempts to cancel it, was itself prepared for by a whole "gradualistic" process and was followed in turn by the "gradualistic" process (once the civil war was over) of economic and social transformation and reconstruction.

Hence when anybody says that if the Marxian view is adopted "any attempt to bring about a new state of society by gradual and peaceable methods is foredoomed by natural law to complete futility" he says both too much and too little.

Too much because the term "peaceable" is an alien intrusion. A "revolution" in the restricted political sense, means, to a Marxist, the conquest of State-power by a class which till then has been a subject class. There is nothing in "natural law" to show that this transition to power might not be made "peaceably." In point of fact the actual seizure of power by the Soviet in November 1917 was made with a quite negligible number of "breaches of the peace." The violence and bloodshed came, as it usually does, from the attempt of the politically dispossessed classes to recapture their lost position. Even if it be granted, as Marxists do grant, readily, that a ruling class is never likely to surrender power except under compulsion—and that the probability of a recourse to armed attempts at counter-revolution is extremely high, that does not alter the fact that the "violence" and blood shedding and non-peaceableness generally is not essential—not what makes the change a revolution. It would be just as much a revolution if the defeated class took its defeat without a murmur—though in that case the process and the suffering involved would be, probably, as in the case of the Industrial Revolution, much more prolonged and on the whole greater.

The argument above-quoted says too little because it ignores the facts that (a) a revolution can only break out when the conditions necessary for it have been prepared by the "gradualistic" processes of social-development; that (b) the revolutionary party itself has to develop "gradualistically" before it reaches the point at which it is able to take over political power; and (c) that after the conquest of power the process of social transformation can only be carried out "gradualistically."

The central point evaded in this type of argumentation is that all evolution alike in the organic and inorganic world, and in human society involves the progressive unfolding of oppositions, their mutual interpretation and counter-modification, and the periodical raising of the plane of development from a lower stage to a higher.

It is, for example, a common-places to say that in the light of the Law of Conservation (of matter and energy) the universe that is here, is the universe that was here, and the universe that will be here "till the cows come home." So, in like manner, I am I and have been since I was born, and will be such until I cease to be. But neither the Universe nor I have ever been, in detail, the same for any two instants in succession. Here is a clear and obvious "contradiction"—the same, yet not the same! But it is only by means of this contradiction that the Universe (or any of its details) can be comprehended concretely.

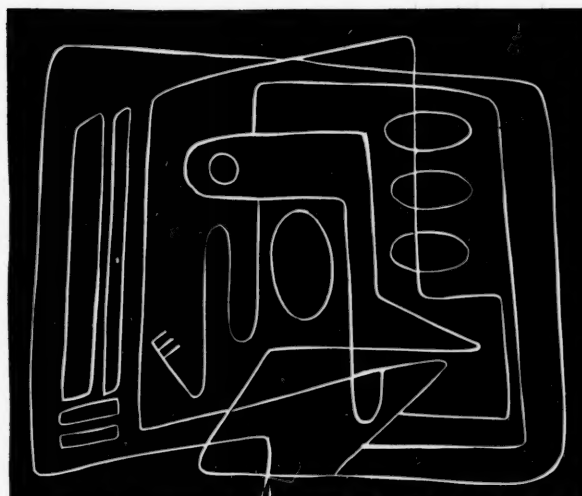
Similarly if we study the "evolution" of mankind we are apt, in concentrating attention upon the continuity of the species form, to forget the fact that this continuity is established only by means of an incalculable and highly discontinuous series of individual births and deaths.

The concept of the conservation of matter enables us to treat all matter as a continuous category; yet its continuity is established only through an infinitude of distinct and non-continuous forms—electrons, atoms, molecules, and combinations of molecules.

So in human society there has been, necessarily, a continuity from the earliest beginnings until now. But that continuity has been established only through and by means of a highly discontinuous series of social-formations. And the real problem is how? and in what circumstances does it come to be that a given social formation after a more-or-less prolonged period of persistence (with only incidental variations) breaks up as a formation to yield the elements for a new formation?

Marx's answer is the only comprehensively scientific answer yet given. It is that in the nature-impelled process of keeping alive men enter into specific relations with each other corresponding to their available powers of wealth-production. That these relations in their totality constitute the economic basis of the society which is reared upon them as upon a foundation. That after a time a degree of productive development is attained which comes into conflict with the "form" of society—the superstructure reared upon the economic "basis." "Then begins" says Marx "an epoch of social revolution in the course of which the whole vast superstructure is more or less rapidly transformed."

Note here the dialectical quality—the two-



LINES OF FORCE IN SPACE

—Peter Sager

sidedness—of this conception. The economic basis, essentially fluid, since it is in perpetual process of modification in the light of experience, and practice-gained proficiency; the superstructure essentially conservative and resistant to all but incidental changes since it expresses primarily men's need to hold together, and conform to customary standards.

Note, too, that in the case of the economic basis quantitative development beyond a certain point has a new qualitative relation to the superstructure, and vice-versa. And note also that the total development is both continuous and discontinuous.

The value of the Marxian conception is not only that it accounts for the facts but it enables the facts themselves to be handled.

We can now see, clearly, taking a wide view of the entire course of human history that its economic progression has been from utility production in primitive kin-ship society through a series of stages of commodity-production up to our present epoch in which already a beginning has been made in the return to utility production on a higher plane. It is notable, for example, that (leaving the Soviet Union out of account for the moment) every capitalist state in the world—especially those which officially regard Marxism as the deadliest of sins—is engaged in demonstrating the truth of Marx's prediction that the inevitable outcome of capitalist commodity-production and maximum free trade would be that the state would be forced, with or without its will, to take over the management and direction of production. The attempt to do that, and still retain the essentials of capitalist distribution and accumulation, is precipitating and intensifying the crisis from which the world is suffering. It is not the

revolutionists but the conservatives who are throwing the world to-day into chaos.

It has been said that the Marxian dialectic fails to find support in the proven facts of biological evolution; that the Marxian view applied to biology "is substantially the same as De Vries' theory that new species arise from marked, unpredictable mutations often called "sports"; that "sports" are "quite rare," that they are "generally less viable, and their weakness of constitution is proportionate to the extent of their deviation from the normal structure."

This objection is not too well grounded in fact, since "sports" according to a recent authority are "not so very rare" and that not always is there a "loss of viability." In the absence of definite proof of the direct inheritance of acquired characteristics the tendency among biologists is to assume conjecturally, that the "arrival" (as distinct from the "survival") of the "fittest" is due to "sporting" and that this in turn is due, in some way not yet understood, to the accumulation of the effects of relation to environment.

That the "sports" which show the greatest appearance of deviation from the normal are the ones least likely to survive is, in fact, quite in line with the Marxian conception of revolution. It seems to be a law of bourgeois revolutions that, since the revolution succeeds only by drawing the proletarian masses into its struggle, there is always an attempt (necessarily doomed to failure) to carry the revolution beyond its bourgeois norm in a proletarian direction. Only that kind of revolution for which the material pre-requisites have been evolved is envisaged by Marxists as possible. That was the ground of the Marxist objection to the Utopians who thought society could be remoulded into Utopia at will. That is its objection to the essentially Utopian anarchism which seeks to abolish the State out of hand, and to the Fascism which imagines that it is possible arbitrarily to prevent the transmutation of society demanded by the stage reached in the development of the material productive forces.

The point is that even though "sports" occur relatively infrequently they do occur; and that, though their deviation from the normal is sometimes so small as to be difficult to perceive, it proves its reality by "breeding true." It would seem that there are definite limits within which an organism can vary and still breed true to its species. Variation beyond those limits is possible, but only at the cost of establishing a new norm of persistence around which variation goes on as before. Whether this new norm will or will not survive depends upon its relation to its circumstances. But the process, conceived in this way,

certainly gives one more example of the "qualitative leap in the quantitative series."

But there is no need to go so far afield for biological analogies to the Marxian conception of revolution. If the critic will think steadily of the development of the domestic chicken within the egg, enlightenment may come to him. Observe: the formation of the egg within the parent hen proceeds, in the main, graduistically enough. For all that it is, at its appointed time, extruded from the body of its parent if not "violently" at any rate abruptly enough. Observe again that though the shell does not itself enter into the developing process, as such, it does constitute an indispensable pre-condition for that purpose. Yet, once the process has gone beyond a certain point, the shell simply must be smashed, and broken-through if the life-process is to continue. Here, obviously, along with continuity is discontinuity; along with gradualism an abrupt break-off of gradualism.

The analogy between the shell-chicken interaction and that between the basis and superstructure of society in the Marxian conception of history and its revolutions is too obvious to be laboured.

Theory Of Revolution

But the long dark night
Must slowly taper to a dawn.
Then the pulse beats of history
Will hammer out the news.
Every time you fill
The cavity in a plain man's belly
The clock ticks.
Each time kindness socks worry on the jaw
A leaf falls off a calendar.
Every time two men
Climb over the barriers of class and color
To eat peanut butter sandwiches together
The earth turns
And time becomes an avenue to revolution.
—PAUL POTTS.

Lines Without Title

I have failed, the leaves are falling,
But the ripening of the fruit was slow.
I did the watering of the seeds,
I yelled and shouted,
Calling them to come and grow;
But I am not the earth,
I cannot turn and push them from the loam.
Nor yet am I the Sun,
No magnet with a drawing heat to raise.
I am but a rumor through the land,
A mirage with the profile of a man.
I am just a whisper
Listening for the answering echo of a yell.
—PAUL POTTS.

Under the Maple Leaf

A TRUE EXPERIENCE

John Livingstone

WAKE up! Wake up! Come on wake up! It's after four o'clock! Wake up!"

My wife was shaking me. I rubbed my sleepy eyes and rolled over. The rising sun shone through the window and dazzled my eyes. I blinked, sat up and yawned.

"Come on! It's after four o'clock! You'll be late! Breakfast is ready!"

I stepped onto the floor and sleepily reached for my clothes hanging over the chair. I kept yawning and rubbing my eyes as I dressed. The birds were singing outside in the trees and a dog was barking away in the distance.

A plate of steaming wheat was waiting on the table. I sat down and sprinkled salt on the golden kernels. I looked for the milk but it was not on the table.

"Where's the milk?" I said to my wife.

"There's only enough milk for the baby," she said.

I ate my wheat without milk and it gathered in my throat and made me gag. I washed the breakfast down with a drink of water. My wife was preparing my lunch. She wrapped six slices of bread in a piece of waxed paper taken from the loaf.

"There's no butter. You'll have to eat plain bread," she said.

"Plain bread is better than no bread," I said.

"I hope you'll get the job, then we can buy some nourishing food," she remarked.

"I'll get the job. They've only started to take on men so I'll get a job."

"I hope so. We need money," she said.

I took my lunch, kissed her and went out of the house. It was a glorious spring morning. The air was still cool but the sun was warming. The birds were darting from the trees to the dewy grass in search of worms. I walked down the street past the quiet houses. Smoke was swirling up from numerous chimneys as the villagers got ready for the coming day. A teamster waved good morning as his horses lumbered along the street to the gravel pits. I turned in at a dilapidated shack at the far end of the street. It was leaning to one side where the posts had rotted away. A goat ran loose in the garden. I went inside. It was a two-roomed place. Six children slept in two beds in one room, the mother and father slept in the kitchen. Old Carl was sitting

beside the stove puffing at his pipe.

"I thought maybe you weren't coming," he said.

"I slept late," I said.

"We'd better get going," he said.

He picked up his lunch pail, and his wife, a tired shabby woman, followed us to the door. The goat trotted over to us as we stepped outside. Carl rubbed her ears.

"She gives a full quart each milking," Carl told me.

"She's a good goat," I remarked.

Carl's wife stood in the doorway watching him caress the goat's ears.

"I hope you get a job Carl," she said.

"Don't worry, we'll get a job. They'll be taking on lots of men. We'll get a job," Carl replied.

"I hope you do. We need the money," she said.

Carl and I walked out of the village and turned onto the broad paved highway. It was only five o'clock and the road was deserted. The rolling fields stretched out on both sides of the road with acres of spring grain and winter wheat forming luxurious rectangles of green. Herds of cattle nibbled at the tender pasture. Farmers were going to their stables to milk the cows. We had six miles to walk to the construction job where we hoped to get work. We strode along with determined steps, the miles slowly receding into the distance behind us.

"Do you think we'll get work Carl?" I asked.

"Sure we'll get work. They'll be taking on lots of men," Carl said.

"But what if they don't want us?"

"Why shouldn't they want us? We're strong. We're able to do a day's hard work. We want work don't we?"

"Yes. But perhaps they won't want us, Carl."

"Don't be so pessimistic. They'll give us work."





NIGHT SHIFT

—Walter H. Lord

"They've got to give us work. We can't starve can we?"

"We practically starved all winter, Carl."

"Working men are like wolves, they always go hungry in the winter. But we've got to eat in the summer unless . . ."

Carl puffed at his pipe and walked along without finishing his sentence.

"I hope they do give us work," he grimly added.

We walked the six miles along the highway in less than two hours. The sun was now burning our backs and the air was quite warm. The farmers were going to the fields with their horses. One of Carl's boots had a hole in the sole and his foot was blistered and sore. Where the highway crossed a stream, a new concrete bridge was going to be erected to replace the old narrow one. Wooden huts were erected beside the road, housing cement, tools, etc.; bundles of reinforcing iron, piles of lumber, and heaps of sand and stones were scattered over a wide area. A dozen men were loafing about the job, smoking and talking and waiting for the foreman to arrive. We sat on a pile of lumber and waited.

"The job should last six months. We ought to save enough money to last us all next winter,"

Carl remarked, scanning the heaps of material and machinery.

"If we get a job," I said.

"Oh, we'll get a job," Carl said.

The foreman drove up in a long black automobile. He was a tall blond man with sharp eyes. As soon as he stepped out of the automobile the loitering men hurried over and gathered around him and clamoured for jobs.

"Alright, alright. One at a time," the foreman protested, and went off a few yards from the group and took a pad and pencil from his pocket. "Now come over one at a time," he said.

One by one the men went to talk with the foreman. He divided the men into two groups, setting one on his right and the other on his left.

"You want a job eh?" the foreman asked.

"Yes sir. Any kind of a job," I said.

"Who sent you over?"

"Why nobody. I came of my own initiative."

"Have you got a party card?"

"A party card? Why no."

"Do you belong to the party?"

"No. I don't belong to any party."

The foreman shook his head.

"Then I can't give you a job. Only those belonging to the party can get work here," he said.

"But I'm strong. I can do any work. I need a job badly," I persisted.

"I'm sorry. The government has issued orders that only those belonging to their party are to be given work."

"But what am I to do? I need work. My wife and family need food. You must give me a job. I'll do anything."

"I'm sorry. Orders are orders," the foreman persisted.

I stood there unable to speak. The men in the groups were staring at me, like dumb cows watching something they did not comprehend.

"So that's the way things are managed," I then said angrily.

"That's the way things are managed. Don't you like the policy?"

"It's a poor policy. It's not patriotic. It leads to revolution," I said.

The foreman stepped close and whispered confidentially:

"I agree with your views. It does lead to revolution. But meanwhile, orders are orders and I must obey those orders if I want to keep my job." And then in a softer tone he added: "If you know anyone connected at Queen's Park who has any pull, then perhaps you could get a letter from them giving me the authority to take you on . . ."

I stared at him and he dropped his eyes to the ground; then I turned away and joined the sullen group on his left.

Home Thoughts From Abroad

PETER QUINN

AS a Quebec resident of twenty-five years standing, I can look back on my dear province with something of the nostalgia of the old pensioner regretting the happy days gone by. Here in a room in the free city of Toronto, surrounded with books by Dickens the radical reformer, Darwin the Godless biologist, Byron who was a revolutionary in Greece, and within easy reach of the insurgent pamphlets of Parliamentary J. S. Woodsworth and the League for Social Reconstruction, I can recall the mad, glad days and friends of pre-Padlock Montreal, and spill an easy tear for the wild arguments on censorship and literature bellowed in smoky taverns, and the soberer talks along lamp-lit streets on the rights of man and the certainty of death and taxes. Social justice, liberty of conscience and the individual, was cherished business to the men I knew. One would quote Marx, another Kropotkin, flourishing texts to clinch a point. I did not quote Marx because I had not read him, but I did quote Shelley, that noble spirit. Shelley was a revolutionary, as were Tom Hood and John Clare, who wrote against poverty and oppression in precise measures. But that was fully ten years ago in the far time before Duplessis, and citizens who still dare to own those books have surely hidden them in garrets by now.

I recall once spending a quarter for a copy of the Canadian Forum, in the broad light of day, with full security of my civil freedom. At a later date I went to hear Prince Lowenstein lecture, and observed large, amiable policeman gently control the crowd of middle class persons and students that swarmed in a downtown hotel to greet the exile from Hitler-Germany. The young Catholic anti-fascist had brought a message to the enlightened citizenry of Montreal, from suffering democrats and afflicted Protestant clergymen whose principles had brought them into conflict with the totalitarian state. On another occasion I heard Woodsworth talk at the Church of the Messiah, and saw cleancut young men distribute leaflets on the pavement afterward in favor of the C.C.F., without fear of bludgeoning or other molestation by the Provincial Police.

These things emerge from a dreamy past, when French Canadian workers could join any trade union they chose to, as lightly as they visited a pool hall, or took their sweethearts to see Tom Mix. These matters are now as removed in time as the enclosed, red-painted pillbox sleighs with

tinkling bells and an odour of buffalo musk that skimmed through the icy streets of old Montreal when I was a boy. They are one with the winter carnivals, the ice palaces, the snowshoe parades by torchlight, and the heavy heirloom muskrat caps that every farm beau wore when he came to the city at Christmas to visit Aunt Therese and second cousin Jeannette. They are gone with the elm trees that used to shade Place d'Armes like a clump of inverted feather dusters. They are dissipated and lost like the profusion of lilac that made the air heady every spring in a straggling line by the old Priests' Farm, now mostly macadam roadway and filling stations.

Ah, old days, young days! Ah, talks on liberty and art! O God, O Montreal! O Duplessis, O Villeneuve!

Pastoral

Early summer; all things fair;
Head and throat and arms are bare
To take the welcome sun and air.
I cut the lawn and clip the edge,
I rake the cuttings, trim the hedge:
Mind and heart and soul all harden,
Harden to hate shall never pardon—
What share mine in this foreign garden?

Those towering clouds that rank and mass,
The tangled and scented winds that pass,
Those trees, those flowers, that very grass,
Those birds rioting in that tree,
That butterfly, that noisy bee,
Are native here and here should be,
But none of them is sib to me.

My country's fields are fairer far—
Far from me as any star;
And I bend down, a sullen serf,
To make a lawn of alien turf.
By God! I will yet break these chains,
Beat out my ugly gaoler's brains,
And run a madman's race, nor cease
Till I am home and there find peace.

—PATRICK JAMES.

1939

Why should I care?
Life is a purple moth
Spinning between the moon
And the neon lights
Dizzy, insensate.
Sip at the poisoned nectar!
Why should I care?
(Oh but I do care!)

—MARGOT OSBORN.

Modern Building

GEORGE LAIDLER

WHEN the ordinary man chooses a suit of clothes he doesn't decide on one with knee breeches and lace cuffs, no matter how popular that style may once have been. His choice, one may be certain, will not be far from the prevailing fashions. When we consider, however, the styles of buildings around us, we find that architectural taste has been obscured by a cloud of tradition.

In public buildings custom appears to have prescribed some very definite forms. The pointed arch is common in churches because in some way Gothic architecture is intimately associated with religion. College buildings also follow a style derived from the Middle Ages and so link superior learning with the past. We see banks built on the lines of Greek temples, with immense doorways out of all proportion to their needs; church towers with parapets for defence and apertures for bowmen; and city halls with the rounded turrets and conical roofs that were in vogue with medieval Scottish barons.

The average city or town has a profusion of houses and shops built with so little variety and good taste that the general effect is quite depressing. Crude arrangements and untidiness are not conducive to pleasant living and ultimately produce an insensitiveness to our surroundings. We are hemmed in by conventional and standardized tastes despite our professed love of freedom and beauty. Notice how often builders will still locate the domestic garage apart from the house, where the smelly stables used to be.

The relation between structure and beauty of form is perhaps best illustrated by the design of bridges. When stone was the only permanent material available and tension could not be resisted, bridges required arches of short span and massive piers to withstand compression only. Later cast iron was used in the form of heavily ribbed and ornamental sections. Then came steel, and because it can resist both tension and compression, a new technique arose that employed various types of arches and trusses which ran into new lines of beauty, more efficient and less expensive than the older types. Concrete reinforced with steel now gives a solidity and grace that does not depend on classic or medieval trappings for its interest. Each form is an expression of the time in which it was built and together they show how the builders' art can change to suit varied conditions.

While the modernists may be accused of trying

to make buildings resemble battleships of cement and glass, much of their work is both sensible and dignified. Buildings using the cantilever or overhanging beam construction may seem strange to the eye because of the absence of piers in the outer walls, and the prevalence of windows at the corners; factories may present more glass than wallspace; but the underlying principles are sound and all who know the interiors will admit that there is more daylight and a degree of comfort and convenience that makes working conditions healthier and pleasanter. One difficulty to be overcome is that of establishing a reasonably harmonious relationship between the new style and its surroundings, so that the modern may not appear uncomfortably new in its older environment. This is particularly desirable in the heart of older cities like London, where even the liberal-minded feel that transitions should be gentle, and that new buildings, however suitably equipped they may be for their modern functions, should never entirely depart from the broader architectural traditions of their settings.

It may be argued that while the outward form of a public building, be it post office or city hall, may follow an ancient style for the sake of dignity, the inside may be highly modernized with elevators, air-conditioning and all the latest devices, so why worry about the exterior? It is by the same form of insincerity that a modern transformer substation is made to resemble a dwelling house. A Canadian grain elevator is sincere because its vertical cylinders of grey concrete best combine the required strength, material and economy for that purpose. We expect a barn to look like a barn because grain, fodder and cattle are suitably housed in that sort of building. The thatched cottage of the European peasant, the bamboo houses of the East, the log cabin of the pioneer, and the wooden trestle bridge of early American railways, all have the charm of practical purpose expressed in materials that lie naturally to hand.

Anyone who has seen well-built timber houses knows that they can be very attractive and comfortable dwellings. They are cheap, sufficiently durable if properly looked after, and when the walls are suitably covered are cool in summer and warm in winter, and they lend themselves more easily to artistic design and color schemes than the more tyrannical brick and stone. In many of the older countries of Europe there is a national passion for heavy solidity, arising from the urge



POPCORN VENDORS, (Wood-Engraving)

—Walter H. Lord

to build for posterity. The Englishman looks askance at a modern wooden house, and hardly feels at home unless he is domiciled under slate and surrounded by brickwork and masonry. To him wood as a building material makes little appeal unless it takes the form of immense oaken beams or half-timbered Tudor fronts.

Considering domestic brickwork, one observer has pointed out that variety is now obtained by using bricks of different surface colors and textures. In the older residential districts one finds brick of a uniform red color and smooth texture, this monotony being sometimes relieved by means of towers or turrets and projections that form plaques and patterns. In the newer sections more buff will be noticed, then a gradual transition until a great variety of color may be present in one house. At the same time there occur differences

in the texture of the brick surfaces, and by stud- ding with darker or overfired bricks, various arrangements of color and mortar, basket-weave and other effects may be obtained. Finally the trend toward more uniform color emerges, first in houses whose interest lies mainly in their sim- plicity and arrangement of windows; and then in the distinctly modern type where detail is sub- ordinated to the general form, involving the grouping of simple shapes such as cubes and cyl- inders, with a general lightening of color.

Steel houses are now available, with walls and panels which may easily be set upon a suitable foundation. The application of electric welding has accelerated this type of construction by elim- inating much punching and bolting. Deriving in- spiration from the automotive industry, which took the motor car out of the luxury class and put

it within reach of the average man, steel houses should be easy and cheap to make. The framing for walls and partitions is divided into shop-fabricated panels one storey high and of such width as to permit of easy handling on the site. We may expect to see them becoming much more common as inventive man develops auxiliary building materials, such as insulated sidings, wallboards, asphalt shingle roofings, fabricated tile and flexible tile floorings.

Air-conditioning and heat-insulating are relatively recent innovations. In its widest sense air-conditioning is "the simultaneous control of temperature, humidity, circulation and purity of indoor air to promote the conditions most favorable to health and comfort" at all seasons. At present few of the devices available fulfill all the functions, but ultimately that will come. The scientific insulating of homes is to prevent excessive summer heat from penetrating roofs and walls, and to hinder interior heat in winter from escaping to the cold air outside. A suitable lining of insulating material can be introduced to new or existing houses so that indoor temperatures may be 15 degrees lower in summer and fuel bills reduced in winter. Our bodily comfort is to a large degree governed by the temperature of our environment. Insulation tends to equalize the temperature throughout a house and thus make it less drafty.

The Industrial Revolution and the introduction of machinery in the latter part of the eighteenth century gave rise to ugly factories and products which disturbed artistic people. Under the influence of old traditions the architect was independent of the engineer and was slow to realize the possibilities of the new techniques in materials and methods of construction introduced by the use of machines. The Crystal Palace, created for the London Exposition of 1851, was regarded as too plain and utilitarian even to be termed architecture. Engineering works were for long considered as merely useful objects, offensive to aesthetic tastes. Hence John Ruskin abhorred the railway. By the time of the Great War, however, buildings began to express their construction or purpose. The only beauty now admitted is that which rises spontaneously out of the most economic or efficient structures. The most characteristic and impressive form yet developed by the logical union of engineering and architecture is undoubtedly the skyscraper, which is essentially a creation of the needs of the time where ground space is limited.

Thus we see that conditions and customs of today are naturally having their effect, slowly but surely, on the design of our buildings. Human needs and comforts, it is now realized, are more

important than the slavish copying of some period design. Out of this has grown the principle of functionalism. The old detached house had often strange proportions and fulsome decorations: the modern flat-roofed house with its concentration on utility and simplicity can express a dignity that is at least sincere.

Truly the path of the pioneer in these new ventures in building construction is beset with difficulties. On the whole we have tolerated ugliness, inconvenience and incongruity in our buildings to an extent that is incompatible with our tastes in other directions. But until the general public is assured of the greater comforts and advantages of the new, the modern styles of building will be fully appreciated only by those who with open minds have the courage to depart from the narrow channels of the conventional, for all progress must involve change.

Passeres

Watch, watch me,
Are you looking?

Down the cherry-branch with crouching wings
Scraping and turning
Bowing and wheeling
Smoothly dancing down the long branch.

Follow, follow me,
Are you coming?

Drab, demure, down the cherry-branch, bright-eyed,
Fluttering and pausing,
Following, ah! pursuing . . .
Swiftly pursuing the dancer down the smooth branch.

Cheated . . .

Gigolo to the tree-top, not yet weary of dancing,
Scraping, turning, bowing, wheeling smoothly
With crouching wings . . .

Down through the branches
Again to the sloping arm drooping earthward
Circling and fluttering silently
Faster the dance goes
Who pursuing?

What this, what bower
Of dead grass matted and weeds tangled
Among arched stems of blackberries?

—ALAN G. BROWN.

Butterflies

We are a part of dancing light.
Our soft wings will not conform
To boxed room, hard window and door,
And polished highroads are too dully straight.
We flit away on rippling journeys,
Tasting gutter, fence, sun-hazy field.
Drawn by the gleam of clouds
We jiggle above flowering gully
And huffed bushes of meandering creek
For fluttering sweetness of blossom.
Just as blued foliage of midsummer
Rises with shimmer wreathings,
Or sky-shot runnels of gravel-bar
Twinkle into an inverted forest
We need our wanderings.

—ALAN CREIGHTON.

Autumn

Autumn is an old brave, loping along
in beaded moccasins.
The mischievous winds
are tearing down his painted tepee;
but he is headed South,
long braids flying,
and the sun glinting on his gaudy
head feathers.

—MARGOT OSBORN.

It Must Not Be!

No threats of suicide for me . . .
I might be too careless
And end it all by mistake;
And life is too precious for that.
There is still a poem to be written
A woman to be loved
Truth and beauty to be idealized
And perhaps a job open somewhere for me.
Let Man alone gauge my hunger
And determine how long I can last
Before starvation bears me down
To exhaustion and a nervous breakdown.
Suicide? No, let me float
With a million unemployed
Just a little while longer . . .
Who knows, I may get a break
Somewhere for a bread and butter job
To enable me to continue my poesy.
Suicide? Why no! The attempt might prove
fatal!

—BRUCE KAPUSTKA.

CORRESPONDENCE

The International Brigade

Editor, Canadian Forum.

In going through some back numbers of the Canadian Forum shortly after my recent arrival from Spain, where I had spent nineteen months, I came across a letter by one Henry Scott Beattie in the issue of April, 1938. In it he commented on a series of letters from an "anonymous com-patriot with the Loyalists in Spain." I must ask your indulgence at this late day, since "Letters From Spain" (December, 1937) to which Beattie refers was compiled from correspondence which I had written to my brother from July-September, 1937. There is a strong temptation to let sleeping dogs lie, but there are too many people confused even today, and anything I may do to clear up certain misunderstandings will serve a valuable purpose. Larry K. Ryan's reply to Beattie in the issue of May, 1938, dealt very adequately with his "charges," but since Ryan was invalided home in the autumn of 1937, I can perhaps better clarify certain matters, since I remained in Spain until the last days of Catalunya.

I have never met Beattie personally. I wish to cast no reflection on his record in pointing out that he spent only about four months in Spain and bears the doubtful honour of being the first Canadian volunteer to be repatriated. I cannot believe that he was able, in that short time, to make an adequate study of the situation.

I will admit, at the outset, that my letters were written during my early months in Spain, in the first fine flush of enthusiasm and idealism. However, my experience of the following sixteen months has not caused me to alter substantially any of the conclusions at which I then arrived. Beattie makes certain statements and resorts to the old trick of lifting phrases from the context to prove his case.

"International Brigaders were unpopular among the average Spaniard" states Beattie. My experience, more extensive than his, has shown me that the direct reverse is the truth. Much of my service was with Spanish outfits. I have lived in the homes of Spaniards. I had many close Spanish friends. I made every possible effort to come in contact with the Spanish people. I knew Basque and Asturian, Aragonese and Catalan, Galician and Andalusian. Never did I meet with any unkindness from these splendid people, never was I made to feel that I was unwelcome. On the contrary, Spaniards went out of their way to show that we were welcome, that they understood why we had come to Spain, that they appreciated the sacrifices we had made. Beattie's statement betrays a lack both of experience and understanding.

From one of my letters dated September 9th, 1937, he quotes "We have had victories on all fronts," and comments "yet from the previous May to January, 1938, the Loyalists were, as we know, actually losing on all fronts." May I point out that Beattie saw short service in the Jarama, towards the end of the long vigil there. He left Spain in June, 1937. The Jarama itself was certainly no defeat. The great fascist offensives there had been stopped and the road to Madrid saved. It was defensive warfare, however, and no war was ever won by defensive tactics alone. But between the time of Beattie's departure and my letter we had gone through the Brunete offensive on the Madrid front, and the Aragon offensive in which we had taken Quinto and Belchite, both great achievements for the new army of the Republic. The southern front was firm, the north had not yet fallen,

and Teruel was yet to come. At the time I wrote the letter prospects for the Republic were far from gloomy. We were forced to evacuate Teruel only the following February, and the retreat from the Aragon did not come until March.

The question of Caballero. He was not removed because he "proved too mild to crush the mass parties of the Spanish workers." Caballero was incapable and unfit for the position he occupied. He was unable to work harmoniously with the other political parties. The following commentary throws light on the character of the man. In the fall of 1937, when the Asturian miners were waging a life and death struggle in the north, Caballero, as head of the U.G.T., expelled the Asturian miners union for non-payment of dues. This action, perhaps more than any other, helped destroy the vast prestige he had once enjoyed.

The foregoing are typical of the "charges" Beattie levels. They are a mixture of ignorance and misinformation—perhaps tinged with a bit of malice. The Henry Scott Beatties will always find a ready and willing audience, but there are hundreds of Canadian volunteers who will bear out my statements. They were the sort of international volunteers who were regarded as brothers by the Spanish people.

Sincerely,

5989 Urbain St., Montreal.

—S. H. ABRAMS.

The Canadian Institute

Dear Sir:—

Today when we are all concerned about the crisis of Democracy it may interest your readers to know that this is the subject of the program which is being offered this summer by the Canadian Institute on Economics and Politics at Lake Couchiching, Ontario, August 14 to 26.

The following are some of the more important leaders and subjects:

Max Lerner (August 14-16), William's College, Williams-town, Mass., formerly Editor of The Nation, will give three addresses on: The basis of modernized democracy.

Hans Simons (August 18-22), of the Graduate Faculty of the New School of Social Research, New York, formerly Director of the Deutsche Hochschule fur Politik in Berlin will present in four lectures a survey of current international developments.

George Counts (August 23-26), Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, will give four lectures on Democracy and Education.

In addition there will be a series of addresses and discussions on problems facing Canadian Democracy including—Government Efficiency, Civil Liberties, Economic Planning, Social Security, Party Government and Education, and many leaders of Canadian thought.

It should be emphasized that the aim of the Institute is not to provide so much for the needs of experts as for thoughtful men and women in all walks of life who are concerned about the present situation. For those interested in a holiday it may be added that the schedule is so arranged as to leave the afternoons free for recreation. Excellent swimming, boating, badminton and tennis are available on the grounds and golf nearby at Orillia. There will also be classes in sketching, painting and graphic art under the direction of the well-known Canadian artist and teacher, Mr. Carl Schaeffer.

Those interested in further information including the daily schedule and rates which run as low as \$13.50 a week, should write the undersigned who is secretary of the Institute at 40 College Street, Toronto.

Yours sincerely,

R. E. G. DAVIS.

O CANADA!

(A prize of \$1.00, or a six months' subscription to The Canadian Forum, is given for the first cutting in this column. Original cuttings should be sent, with name and date of paper.)

"I do not know, Sir, how it is with most of those whom I am addressing, but it always seems to me that the Crown has a mystical meaning . . . It lifts the Crown into another realm altogether, the realm of our common faith, where, not seeing, we believe; not understanding, we obey."

(The Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, in his Empire Day speech to the Royal Empire Society, in London, as reported in "United Empire," June, 1939.)

"Why cater to people on relief? Most of those who kick are the people who will never get off relief . . . Let them be afraid of her (the relief administrator for Sudbury). Don't cater to them. We are making this case an example . . ."

(Mr. W. A. Orr, representative of the Ontario Municipal Affairs Department, as reported in the "Toronto Daily Star," 4th July, 1939.)

"I trust the criticism (of his judgement on the Padlock Act) is not an illustration of the truth of what the great Prime Minister of England recently said: 'The mother of criticism is oft-times ignorance or irresponsibility.'"

(Chief Justice Greenshields, of Quebec, as reported in "The Gazette," Montreal, 23rd June, 1939.)

"The heart of the Empire on which the sun-tan never sets scored its second successive victory in the Toronto Police Athletic Association's annual beauty contest Saturday when a London-born salesgirl . . . snatched a photogenic finish from another English expatriate . . . (She is) a pastel brunette whose 115 pounds feature irreproachable landscaping . . ."

(From a front page account of this important event by Staff Writer Ralph Allen in "The Globe and Mail," Toronto, 10th July, 1939.)

"They did their very best to persuade the world that General Franco was a monster of cruelty, tyranny and egoism. That Spain's Generalissimo is a great Christian gentleman as well as a military leader of the first rank is shown by his abstinence from recrimination against the two nations, Britain and France whose Press and political 'thinkers' delayed the victory which has brought back peace and honor to proud and Christian Spain."

(Editorial in Montreal Beacon, July 7th.)

"How can any ordinary sane man bring himself to believe that by calling in the help of Russia, Christian civilization, in the sense in which the Pope and Lord Halifax interpret the word, can be saved?"

(From the Montreal Beacon).

The prize this month goes to Mr. Edgar Ritchie, Taberdar's Room, The Queen's College, Oxford.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

T. E. Lawrence Again

ORIENTAL ASSEMBLY: By T. E. Lawrence, edited by A. W. Lawrence, with photographs by the author; Nelson (Williams and Norgate); pp. 164 and 130 plates; \$3.00.

STUDENTS of T. E. Lawrence—that is to say, any who are interested in English History or English Literature or English Character—will need to see this volume. According to the editor it contains all the miscellaneous writings of his brother that he intends “to place before the general public.” Everything else has been printed, privately or publicly, except “The Mint,” which is an account of Lawrence’s experience as a mechanic in the Air Force and which by his instructions is not to appear until 1950.

The more notable items in this collection are two in number. First, the suppressed opening chapter to “The Seven Pillars of Wisdom,” quoted in part in David Garnett’s edition of the Letters; and second, an article entitled “The Evolution of a Revolt,” previously printed in “The Army Quarterly” for October, 1920, and used by Lawrence in chapter 33 of “The Seven Pillars.”

Why the first of these was suppressed is not obvious. It was George Bernard Shaw who advised it and my conjecture is that he was suffering from a mild early attack of Fascism. One thing is clear from a first reading of the chapter, namely, that Lawrence was not, as is commonly held, an idealist whose struggle for Arab freedom was betrayed by the diplomats, but that he was all along consciously exploiting the Arab cause, knowing that he was prepared to break faith with them rather than forfeit the British success in the East. It is not a pretty picture today, but one welcomes the frankness. Here are Lawrence’s own words.

“It was evident from the beginning that if we won the war these promises would be dead paper, and had I been an honest adviser of the Arabs I would have advised them to go home and not risk their lives fighting for such stuff; but I salved myself with the hope that, by leading these Arabs madly in the final victory I would establish them, with arms in their hands, in a position so assured (if not dominant) that expediency would counsel to the Great Powers a fair settlement of their claims. In other words, I presumed (seeing no other leader with the will and power) that I would survive the campaigns, and be able to defeat not merely the Turks on the battlefield, but my own country and its allies in the council-chamber. It was an immodest presumption: it is not yet clear if I succeeded: but it is clear that I had no shadow of leave to engage the Arabs, unknowing, in such hazard. I risked the fraud, on my conviction that Arab help was necessary to our cheap and speedy victory in the East, and that better we win and break our word than lose.”

“The Evolution of a Revolt” is less problematic, being simply an outline—and a masterly one—of Lawrence’s strategy in the East. Reading these terse and lucid pages one does not hesitate to agree with Liddell Hart that Lawrence, whatever else he was, was a military genius of rare scholarship and originality. An item, this, of the first importance.

The rest of the volume is secondary but the whole is interesting. One could wish now that “The Mint” could be released without further delay and so make an end of the artificial mystery that Lawrence built round himself. It is not a great masterpiece—I happen to have read it in manuscript some three or four years ago—but it throws light on the morbid side of Lawrence and is necessary to complete the

record. Now that the British Air Force has suddenly leaped from weakness to strength, these few confessional pages could do it little harm. Indeed, they were never anything but harmless.

—BARKER FAIRLEY.

They Cover The World

TWELVE BRITISH JOURNALISTS: (Ed. Wilfrid Hindle); foreign correspondent; Oxford, \$3.25.

THE British newspaper men (beg pardon, journalists) have taken a leaf from the book of their American confreres and made a book of their own. On the heels of “We Cover the World” by a group of United States correspondents and “We Saw It Happen” by thirteen New York Times men comes another, quite as exciting and illuminating as its predecessors, and aptly subtitled “Personal Adventures Abroad in Search of the News.” Some of the best-known, as well as lesser known, by-lines are represented—O. D. Gallagher of The Daily Express; Ian Munro of The Morning Post and The Daily Mail; Arthur Koestler of The News Chronicle; Alexander Harrison of The Daily Herald; Douglas Reed of The Times and The News Chronicle; Darsie Gillie of The Morning Post and The Yorkshire Post; Vernon Bartlett of The Mail and Herald, the Times and broadcasting fame (now an M.P.); F. A. Voight of The Manchester Guardian; H. D. Harrison of The Post, The Herald, The Express and Reuters; George Steer of The Times; Sir Alfred Watson of The Times, Daily Telegraph and Sunday Times; Karl Robson of The Post and The Telegraph.

Some of these have already written books on foreign affairs that have become best sellers—notably Douglas Reed of Insanity Fair and Disgrace Abounding fame. Here they “let down their hair,” so to speak, and in brief, crisp, informal causeries tell of their experiences in the chief trouble centres of the world digging out news for their papers. The book is quite as good as its forerunners. Much of it is familiar stuff, for the foreign correspondents have been the publishers’ best bet since Vincent Sheean started it all off with his “Personal History.” But this is all to the good. More than ever it is borne in on us that the newspaper man is a person, and that news is what we see through someone else’s eyes. The more of such books the better, therefore—if they are as forthright and vivid as these wide-awake observers have to offer. Most of the sketches are factual and circumstantial, differing from cabled dispatches only insofar as they are “emotion remembered in tranquility.” But it is precisely the emotion, or reaction, of the individual to what he has seen that is valuable. The greater the variety of viewpoints on the vital events of our time we can get, the more rounded our conception of them will be.

There are also revealing sidelights on how news is gathered—and obstructed. This remark, for instance, by Vernon Bartlett: “With the single and outstanding exception of Anthony Eden, I have met no British Foreign Secretary who did not either dislike the Press or fail completely to understand how to use it . . . But in Eden’s view we were all—Ministers, diplomats, experts, secretaries, journalists—working for the same end, and as the result of that view we developed towards him a loyalty to which I know no parallel.” There is also humor. For instance, O. D. Gallagher’s account of the fantastic attempts of Japanese officers to prove to the correspondents that the Chinese were using poison gas;

or H. D. Harrison's story of how he was expelled from Jugoslavia for reporting the ban on the Mickey Mouse comic strip in that dynastic hot-spot; or Douglas Reed's vignette of the elderly gentleman in the Berlin Tiergarten calling out the fire brigade to dislodge a swarm of bees from his beard. Whether for the light it throws on world events and the work of the men who report them, or for sheer entertainment, you mustn't miss this book.

—CARLTON McNAUGHT.

The Black Man's Burden

BLACK FOLK—THEN AND NOW: W. E. Burghardt Du Bois; Oxford University Press (Henry Holt); pp. 383; \$3.50.

BURGHARDT Du Bois is an authority on the Negro race. His reputation will not be damaged by this volume. He claims his book "is not a work of exact scholarship," but he comes so close to it that the layman will not know the difference. In fact, a casual reader might easily be turned from the goldmine of interesting and enlightening information that he has amassed by the initial chapters which read more like an encyclopaedic listing than anything else.

It would be a pity. Burghardt Du Bois has done a great work. This book is dynamite in many parts. If it can succeed in piercing the shell of fatuous indifference that encloses our mind when it touches on the problem of the coloured races, then presumably it has accomplished all that Du Bois desires. But he has done more than that. He has presented the "Black Folk" as a race with a powerful contribution to the culture of the past as well as great potentialities for the future. Egyptian culture, had its basis in the mingling of the Negroid, Caucasian, and Semitic strains. Let Hitler chew over that one.

Du Bois brings us with persuasive skill through the early history of the Black Folk up to the present. And when he touches on the Negro in modern times he deals of necessity with the most pressing problems of our period. He shows the black race as a pawn in the struggle between Capital and Labour, too often indifferently regarded by its own exploited white brothers. His series of chapters on present-day Africa should bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of our White Man's Burden advocates.

Du Bois has some pertinent observations to make on the future of world democracy, observations that are well-timed at the present moment when the great masses of subjugated colored people are looked upon as prospective cannon fodder in defence of a democracy that is denied them. Du Bois proves conclusively that Democracy is a myth as far as the colored races are concerned. As a Negro labor leader once remarked to this reviewer in London: "We don't know the difference between a British stockade in South Africa and a concentration camp in Germany. It's all fascism to us."

And significantly, Du Bois warns us, Africa today is held in subordination by black troops. Let a war in Europe light the flame in Africa, and it will not be an easy blaze to quench.

As a sociological study, the book is excellent. For the manner in which it poses the problem of race, he must be congratulated. But in his final summing-up, one is painfully aware of the limitations of his horizon, as when he tells us that the stranglehold of monopoly, source of poverty, "can be broken not so much by violence and revolution, which is only the outward distortion of an inner fact, but by the ancient cardinal virtues: individual prudence, courage, temperance, and justice, and the more modern faith, hope and love."

Such a conclusion, after his story of the partial emancipation that followed the French Revolution, the revolutionary activities of Toussaint L'Ouverture, and the American Civil War, seems in flagrant contradiction to the author's own evidence. Du Bois would have some difficulty in preaching the virtues of prudence and temperance to a fighter of the calibre of Toussaint L'Ouverture. And this reviewer personally doubts that his plea will cause one ripple of interest among the coupon-clippers of Wall Street and the City of London. Rather would we have preferred to see Du Bois throw out a challenge which every sincere socialist must endorse: That in the event of World War, the Black Folk will use the occasion to wrest from the whites the freedom, economic as well as political, that is denied them today.

However, we can wholeheartedly agree with his final description of the position: "The proletariat of the world consists not simply of white European and American workers but overwhelmingly of the dark workers of Asia, Africa, the islands of the sea, and South and Central America. These are the ones who are supporting a superstructure of wealth, luxury, and extravagance. It is the rise of these people that is the rise of the world."

—KENNETH A. JOHNSTONE.

The German Colonies

JUDGMENT ON GERMAN AFRICA: G. L. Steer; Musson (Hodder and Stoughton); pp. 347; \$4.00.

DR. Steer, while examining Germany's claim to her former African colonies, offers us a splendid study of these colonies, West Africa mandated to the Union of South Africa, the Cameroons mandated to France, and Tanganyika mandated to Britain. In readable style (his description of the lush, tropical Africa is often poetic) he details their history and their acquisition by Germany, exposes the ruthlessness of German rule, compares them with other strictly colonial possessions, surveys their total economic resources and strategic values to Great Britain, France, and Germany, and gives suggestions for their future disposition and government.

In South West Africa we are once again confronted with all the symbols of German penetration with which we are already familiar, namely: the threat of economic barter with which the Balkans and South America are menaced, and the Nazification of all German organizations, educational, cultural, and commercial. These conditions exist in spite of generous concessions to the German minority on the part of the Union government; exist in spite of raids, bans and expulsion of bund leaders. Even in the Union of South Africa we have all the mechanism for inducing fear and alarm, that is, the Anti-Semitism, the threats to relatives in the homeland, the Consulate as the centre of Nazi activity, and the friends of Germany in high places.

In Africa too many factors are involved to make easy an "appeasement." Here lie the very life-lines of two great empires; and here is a South African dream of expansionism (this is startling) not to be lightly despised. The colonial question might be the focal point of the next "crisis," postponed perhaps while Hitler jingles his colonial claim like "diplomatic currency" to wring more concessions from Britain or as a guarantee of British neutrality in a war against Russia.

To Mr. Steer the important factor in the solution of the colonial problem is the maintenance of British dominance, the preservation and protection of British interests and control of strategic position. He speaks for the empire, and

there is in his book as everywhere today, the fear of the dissolution of the great empires and their symbols of power—a decay which is already discernible in the “rising tide of color” within the British Empire and might be the sign that there is need in the British colonies of more education and a wider application of the principles of democracy. (Recently France has made provision for representation of her colonies in the French Chamber of Deputies.) The longer Britain postpones the extension of justice and equity to the Native, the nearer grows the thing she fears (even at home) more than Fascist aggression—the arise of the socially-conscious oppressed masses.

Mr. Steer pictures with awful graphic intensity the horrors Germany's return would bring to Africa. He tells us that he is writing from Africa's viewpoint, yet ignores the fact that while British rule is more tolerable, and the Mandate system all right for the time being, the native can never hope to reach full democratic status under imperialism. Mr. Steer accents the political implications of the question rather than the humanistic. Could he change his imperialistic spots, he would have written a great book.

—MARGUERITE N. WYKE.

Modern Germany

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC HISTORY OF GERMANY FROM WILLIAM II TO HITLER, 1888-1938: W. F. Bruck; Oxford U. P. (Cardiff); pp. xv, 292; \$3.75.

THIS will be a useful book for those who want to know more not only about contemporary Germany but also about the wider problems of state control over economic life. The state's activity in economic affairs, by way of supervision and control as well as direct participation, is on the increase in every country. Is this a foretaste of or perhaps an open road to a socialist society? Those who think so will find a great deal to ponder over in this book. Dr. Bruck writes from his experience as an administrator in German state planning and control boards both during the war and the Weimar Republic, and later as Professor of Political Economy at Munster, which he left in 1934. Since then he has been visiting professor at Cardiff. He thus commands the resources of both academic theory and practical experience. In addition he has learned enough of the English outlook to be able to interpret German theory and ideology to English readers.

The crucial period in the German development was the period 1918-1933, for it was then that two ideologies and two policies conflicted and finally merged and left the way open to the Nazis. Before and during the war a concentrated structure of financial and industrial trusts, combines and cartels had grown up; over this a superstructure of state control had been erected, especially in the war period. Alongside this was a desire for socialization of basic industries and for more and better social services from the state. When the Social Democrats came into office after the war they were confronted with a highly concentrated capitalist structure, but encouraged in their hopes by the policy and machinery of state control which they inherited. It would seem from Dr. Bruck's analysis that they failed because they could not distinguish between socialism and mercantilism. Both involve state control of industry and trade (though to a different extent); both involve the subordination of capitalist enterprise to the state (though in mercantilism this subordination is more apparent than real, since its aim is national glory by way of capitalist profit); both, in modern times, involve a considerable measure of state social services and national planning of labour relations. The similarities are

striking though superficial; the difference between the two is vital, for the German mercantilism is simply a method of capitalism. In the pre-war period it was a method of economic imperialism; since the war it has been the method of building up a national self-contained capitalist economy.

Dr. Bruck gives detailed information on all this. He makes it clear that when the Nazis came into power they found the machinery for state economic control and a general readiness to accept such control. Nazi policy has been a continuation and elaboration of mercantilist policy. Capitalists accepted it because they were used to a mercantilist policy and had been doing well out of it; labour was not too unwilling to accept it because it still thought of state control as something on its side.

Thus the growth of large-scale economic enterprises and of state regulation in a capitalist democracy may be a way to socialism, but it seems to be an even easier way to fascism. Giant enterprises can and often must, to preserve themselves, control the state quite as much as the state controls them. Dr. Bruck shows some of the ways this worked out in the Weimar period but he does not present any conclusions on the control relation in Nazi Germany. That there is an immense and complicated system of state control over every sphere of economic activity is well-known, and Dr. Bruck gives some of the details of this system. But some of the most important questions are not answered (and scarcely asked). We are not told, for instance, whether the state's control is real in all cases or whether, as some have suspected, it varies inversely with the size of the capitalist firm.

We should be grateful for Dr. Bruck's work if only for the amount of material it presents. It is still something of a quarry because of its not easily assimilable detail but it is no bare presentation of facts; there is also some discussion, of primary interest to economists, of German and English economic theory considered in relation to the historical development with which the book is chiefly concerned.

—C. B. MACPHERSON.

The Social Services

A CITIZEN'S GUIDE TO SOCIAL SERVICE: J. Q. Henriques; Nelson (Allen and Unwin); pp. 344; \$3.00.

THIS book combines two purposes. It is an outline of the British Social Services prepared for the average interested laymen. It is an expression of the point of view of the author toward certain fundamental problems in the organization of the social services. The two are intertwined in the presentation.

As an outline it serves a useful purpose.

As a point of view, its value depends upon one's own point of view.

Mr. Henriques is first and foremost a humanitarian. He emphasizes the importance of preserving human personality. He stresses the variability of human needs and human problems, with the need for insight, sympathy, and flexibility, in dealing with these needs. He inveighs against rigidity, bureaucracy, and lack of common understanding, which sometimes mar the administration of the social services.

He urges co-operation between services, co-ordination of



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similar services, an evaluation of services in broad terms of community needs, rather than concern for the status of any one agency. All this is to the good.

Now, however, the weaknesses in Mr. Henriques' point of view appear. Two main weaknesses should be mentioned.

First, Mr. Henriques' humanitarianism has led him to visualize a scheme of social services humanely administered and adequate to provide in a reasonable way for all the destitute. It causes him also to emphasize the need for preventive services. He does not appear to realize that the only way of assuring either of these two worthy objectives, and particularly the latter, is a basic change in the constitution of society.

Second, Mr. Henriques is tremendously concerned with maintaining a foothold for voluntary effort in face of the great extension of government machinery. He attempts to stake out a permanent claim for voluntary service around three main points. First, voluntary service is fundamental, the state steps in only when voluntary service breaks down. Second, certain areas of work can best be served by voluntary effort. Third, state activity tends to become bureaucratic and rigid.

As to the latter two points—On the one hand, there are many examples of state services which are progressive, flexible, and of the highest standard. Indeed this approach to justifying the place of the voluntary services is most harmful in creating a false impression of the possibilities of the public services, which are basic, and certainly does not seem to be a way of establishing those better relations with which Mr. Henriques is so concerned. There are also voluntary agencies which are bureaucratic, inefficient, and generally useless. A better case could be made—and is held to today by many social workers—for the concept that the basic responsibility is the state's; voluntary effort steps in only when the state is not doing its duty, and only until it can be made to do it.

Mr. Henriques has been led astray by a conception of voluntary effort as direct service to people in trouble. This is a very limited concept. Rather the role of voluntary service is to watch, to check, to criticize the state services; to demonstrate and experiment if necessary; to check tendencies toward rigidity and so on. There is a place here for voluntary effort that is quite secure in the sense of its always being needed.

It is unfortunate that this book was not two books; one the descriptive guide, the other the critical and philosophical evaluation. It is unfortunate, too, that the many sound criticisms and constructive suggestions are not based on a sounder fundamental point of view.

However, this is a useful book for its outline of the British social services and for much sound evaluation. There

are those, too, who in complete disagreement with the reviewer, will assent to its basic point of view.

—MARTIN COHN.

World Change And The Drama

THE CHANGING WORLD IN PLAYS & THEATRE: Anita Block; McClelland-Stewart (Little, Brown); pp. 449; \$3.

MRS. Block, play reader for the Theatre Guild, dramatic critic and lecturer, has here done several things worth doing. First, from the rubbish of the theatre since 1880, she has sifted out some fifty plays and reminded us of their historical importance and their literary value. Second, she has summarized and discussed these plays so clearly and so enthusiastically that one wants to read and see them all over again (if he has been lucky enough to see them at all as yet). Third, the author has set down eloquently an argument that cannot be too often developed, namely, that great plays are written by men who are writing to be read, not merely mouthed by the season's favorite actor from among the latest gadgets in staging, and that they wanted to be read because they wanted to help "change the world." Ibsen, Shaw, Hauptmann, Schnitzler, Toller, O'Neill, all have been, in their way, pleading for social change, and, as the author is at pains to show, their plays have been sabotaged and they have been persecuted as a direct consequence.

Curiously, when Mrs. Block comes to her long and climactic chapter, which deals with the Soviet Theatre, she says not a word of the even grimmer persecution which her favorite playwrights have there undergone. She makes much of Katayev's farce, "Squaring the Circle," citing it as proof that Stalin's Russia encourages social satire. Mrs. Block must surely be aware that this play was officially condemned as "philistine" in 1931 and its author browbeaten out of comedy and into the role of solemn hackwriter for the Five Year Plan. Mayakovsky is treated as if he were a great and respected living Soviet dramatist. Nine years ago, and immediately after he had joined the Party and been hailed as Russia's leading revolutionary poet, Mayakovsky shot himself, apparently in preference to enduring further regimentation of his art by the political bureaucracy. Kirchner, two of whose plays Mrs. Block justly praises, disappeared into jail in 1936, and his plays are no longer produced, because he was imprudent enough to be a friend of a second cousin of Yagoda. Mrs. Block devotes pages to Afinogenyev's "Fear" to show that, by 1932, the Government "felt strong enough to invite self-criticism." Yet it is common knowledge that Afinogenyev's plays have since been denounced as "formalistic" and their creator himself liquidated as a "Trotskyist." Of all this there is not a whisper.

Indeed Mrs. Block's approach to the world of today is in general a little belated and a little too simple. For her "the World War changed the entire fabric of thought and content," from evolutionary to revolutionary; plays before 1914 are merely "modern," after that date, "contemporary." The chapter on anti-war plays shows no awareness of the fact that such plays are being replaced by pro-war plays, or at least pre-war plays, of a type calculated to "change the world" back to what it was in 1914. One has only to read the story of Irwin Shaw in a recent "New Yorker" to see the metamorphosis of a pacifist capable of writing "Bury the Dead" into an old-fashioned Hun-hater. Mrs. Block's study would be more contemporary and less sentimental if she had faced the fact that the tempo of 1939 is as much counter-revolutionary as it is revolutionary. Nevertheless her insistence on the value of what has been done by radicals in the theatre and upon the kinetic power of art makes her book worth the reading and worth the discussing. —EARLE BIRNEY.

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Dante

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI WITH TRANSLATION AND COMMENT: John D. Sinclair; Nelson, (The Bodley Head) 2 vols.; pp. 442, 446, \$3.00 each.

NEW editions and translations of Dante's "Divine Comedy" follow each other with extraordinary regularity and persistency. It seems to be true as Sainte-Beuve observed, that to read Dante is to want to translate him, as also, one might add, to interpret him. It is related that the late President Calvin Coolidge's sole literary distraction was the rendering into English of Dante, and that he completed the "Inferno" (unpublished). Mr. Sinclair has obeyed the same impulse, with obvious satisfaction to himself and profit to others.

The first two parts of the "Divine Comedy" are included in the two volumes. The version of the "Paradiso" "may follow later." The work consists of the Italian text of the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio," a prose translation in English on the opposite page, with brief but adequate annotation and a comment on each canto. The Italian text is based on the best now available, and for his interpretation Mr. Sinclair is familiar with modern contributions to the serious study of Dante.

This new translation should be ample for a first approach to the "Divine Comedy." It is intended for those who have some Italian and desire to appreciate the author in the original but who need help occasionally and conveniently. In addition, the author makes a valuable contribution to the understanding of Dante. The meaning of the original is conveyed faithfully in idiomatic English, but no attempt has been made to reproduce the style and rhythmic effects of the Italian text. Gone at last are the archaisms and word for word and syntax for syntax renderings that have marred previous translations into English whether in verse or prose. To translate is to interpret, and Mr. Sinclair is often felicitous, as for example in a graphic but difficult passage of the first canto: "after I had rested my wearied frame for a little I took my way again over the desert slope, keeping always the lower foot firm." One might cavil at "frame" (for "body") and "desert" (for "deserted"), but the last part of the sentence is excellent. In a critical spirit one might object to his rendering of "ché" (l. 3 of the same canto) and of his failure, common with other translators, to find a better equivalent than "pass" for "passo" (l. 26). But these are small matters, and controversial besides, proof only that in addition to wanting to translate and interpret Dante one may also feel an irresistible desire to cooperate with so excellent a translator and interpreter as Mr. Sinclair.

—M. A. BUCHANAN.

Thomas Paine

SIX NEW LETTERS OF THOMAS PAINE: Harry H. Clark; University of Wisconsin Press; pp. xxxii, 63; \$2.50.

THE praiseworthy attempt of recent writers on Paine to arrive at an honest evaluation of that "dangerous radical" and "dirty little atheist," or alternatively, the popular martyr and planner of economic and political utopias, should be materially assisted by the publication of these letters. The editor's anxious stress on Paine's "conservatism" in his earlier American activities is not particularly convincing, nor is the comment on Paine's neo-classic simplicity of style

to one who remembers the amusingly tart and vigorous journalese which, in "The Rights of Man," is used with such deadly effect against the more over-heated passages of Burkian rhetoric.

The second and larger argument, however, regarding Paine's Federalistic outlook and the comprehensive justness of his democratic views, is more than borne out by a reading of the letters themselves. Called forth by the selfish opposition by Rhode Island in 1782 to the proposed 5% tax on foreign imports, these pleas for a far-sighted and unselfish acceptance of a necessary measure reveal a sound political idealism, a radical sympathy for agrarian problems, a shrewd sense for economic fact, and a fine scorn for class and party obscurantism. "There is no . . . power of any kind, independent of the people." He has never considered "whether a thing is popular or unpopular, but whether it is right or wrong." There is the recognisable voice of Thomas Paine. But most significant for American and Canadian in the prevailing selfish regionalism is the passionate plea for the sovereignty of the nation, for a submerging of local interests in the welfare of the united whole. "Every man in America . . . is a citizen of the State . . . and of the United States; and without justly and truly supporting his citizenship in the latter, he will inevitably sacrifice the former."

The introduction and notes are for the special student—the letters have much of value for the general reader.

—W. ROBBINS.

Guntherisms

INSIDE ASIA: John Gunther; Musson (Harpers); pp. 599; \$4.00

MR. Gunther's particular gifts have not been put to the best use in this book; a vivid, racy, fairly superficial and popular sketch of Japan and China would otherwise have been condensed into less than 286 pages. He is happier in dealing, for instance, with the Philippines, Siam and Iran. Some of his judgments are too facile, and some of the facts are of doubtful authenticity.

"In 1925, in Shanghai and Canton, British police shot Chinese workmen." In Shanghai the police (Sikhs) were

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under the control of the council of the International Settlement, and shot Chinese who were attacking a police station.

"Shanghai is—a paradise for the wealthy. There are no taxes. With the exception of an exceedingly small land tax foreigners pay no taxes at all, either to their own government, to the settlement, or to China." The latest figures I have at hand show that the land tax and Municipal Rate on houses provide over 60 per cent of the income of the settlement, and there are also indirect taxes paid to the Chinese customs.

On page 126 Henry Pu-yi's father "lives in obscure retirement now," but a footnote records that on November 14, 1908, he "was found strangled" and was succeeded by his son.

In writing of Yemen, Mr. Gunther says: "The chief product—is extraordinarily good coffee, exported from a town appropriately named Mokha." In fact Mocha coffee takes its name from this port.

As a sustained piece of journalism, covering the largest and most complex continent, this book is something of a tour de force, but three books, shorter in total length, and issued at intervals, might have served a better purpose.

—C. A. ASHLEY.

Persian Journey

THE WILD ASSES, A Journey Through Persia: W. V. Emanuel; Nelson (Cape); pp. 352; \$3.75.

THIS is one of those books, which have no particularly good reason for being written, but which, when written and published make pleasant reading for those interested in foreign countries. In the summer of 1936 a party of youngish tourists, twenty strong, under the auspices of the National Union of Students, travelled from southern Russia through the length of Persia into Afghanistan as far as Herat and then by a more southerly route back to Teheran and the Caspian. Nothing particularly exciting happened to them, the local brigands presumably knew better than to molest twenty Old School Ties en masse, and what they saw of Persia, is, one gathers, what any modern tourist is likely to see. Mr. Emanuel's interest is in architecture and his fullest descriptions are of shrines and temples. He nobly tries to give unity to his book by working up to the entry of the party into the Shrine at Meshed, the holiest place in Persia, but it falls very flat when the local authorities, at the last minute, decide against the wisdom of it.

An index to a book of this kind is surely a work of supererogation but throughout the author takes himself and his journey perhaps a little more seriously than is deserved. Nevertheless this is a pleasant book and very suitable to the "Travel" shelves of public libraries. The reader will acquire a lot of interesting and impartial, even if miscellaneous information about modern Persia.

—C. W. M. HART.

A Tough Lad

BLUBBER SHIP: Nial O'Malley Keyes; Oxford Press; pp. 275; \$2.75.

MR. Keyes is the living justification of the old-fashioned Irish novelists. He is the "wild Irishman" of legend; he might have stepped straight out of a novel by Charles Lever, and if he could step back into one, would probably feel rather more at home than anywhere in this workaday world. Though indeed he does not lack experience of the workaday aspects of this world. Any youngster in his teens who goes from Californian oil fields to a non-union whaling-

ship operating off the California coast sees life about as raw as most of us would care to find it.

English public schools and French sea-side resorts are not perhaps the best training for such a career; but ignominious dismissal from such a school on charges of rowdiness and inattention should form a pretty good recommendation. Whatever his scholastic career, he seems to have acquired by some means an adequate and indeed attractive narrative style—unless indeed he was born with the gift, which seems a more probable explanation.

His account of life on the decrepit whale-ship, manned by the off-scourings of land and sea, where even the ship's cat was slightly mad, is an excellent bit of straight-forward narrative, clear, concrete, direct, somewhat ingenuous, but not at all mannered. A more lily-like soul would probably have found it hell on earth. Mr. Keyes found it extravagantly dirty, smelly, exhausting, and underpaid, but still exciting in its fantastic alternations of overwork and debauchery. He was a tough lad. He could take it.

At least he could take it for the ten weeks the cruise lasted. After that he was glad enough to be bought out of the service. The book is definitely a good "documentary," informed by no social passion, but by a genuine interest in the men he worked with. It is a frank, unsentimental, understandable account of a very hard trade.

—L. A. MACKAY.

Streamlined Fiction

ANNE MINTON'S LIFE: Myron Brinig; Oxford (Farrar Rinehart); pp. 279; \$2.50.

THE DAY WILL COME: Elizabeth Marion; Oxford (Th. Crowell); pp. 306; \$2.25.

THESE two books are representative of two types of contemporary American writing. "Anne Minton's Life" is a professional job, by a writer confident in a facile ability to exploit the present-day scene, without pretence of style beyond a rather grim fluency. "The Day Will Come" has the obvious confidence that has become the birthright of any person distinguished by youth, extraordinary or sub-ordinary occupation or experience, who cares to set down on paper whatever he can compose into words. Both types of writers are sure of a market. It may be a small market, or a short-lived one, but it is never without the possibility of publishers' rapture at their "privilege to present" or reviewers' enthusiasm at "this remarkable and forceful book." The American continent is now a great forcing-house which seasonally raises a jungle of books. Unless a few hardy blooms rear themselves far above the others, only types are visible.

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ies of memories that oppress the mind of a pitiful, obstinate and bitter girl, as she stands on the ledge of a hotel bedroom window, unable to jump or climb back, a situation which Mr. Brinig uses as a parallel with the position of modern society. In her eventual blood-freezing crash to the pavement the parallel seems to end for Mr. Brinig, and our attention is drawn to the sudden miraculous clarification in the lives of the various sets of characters who have watched her intermittently throughout the day. The author's reporting of the "suspense suicide" which duplicates the case familiar to all newspaper readers is so uncompromisingly realistic that indifference is impossible when reading its details. It remains in the mind and senses as a brutal shock. Consequently the very critical circumstances of the minor characters recede almost immediately. The moral is lost in the horror.

"The Day Will Come" is smoothly written. It has a top layer of earthly wisdom about a quarter of an inch deep. Five members of a family meet for a twenty-first birthday party. In a day, a matriarch is dethroned, three loves are found, and one love lost, a superficial woman who was going nowhere keeps on going nowhere. There are descriptions and conversations about the farm that forms the background of the book, which are sound and lovely. But all the characters are pre-occupied with silent personal philosophizing that becomes monotonous rumination. Harry and his mother, the most forcefully drawn characters, are the least understood or credible, one feels. Because the author writes firmly and well where one feels she has deeply experienced, because of a certain evidence of receptivity, there seems good reason for watching her development. She is twenty-two years old.

—JEANNE MINHINNICK.

Financier and Churchman

CHRISTIANITY AND ECONOMICS: Lord Stamp with introduction by Rufus Jones, Macmillan; pp. 194; \$1.65.

WE have had champions of traditional economics scornfully telling the church to mind its own business and to leave economic problems to those who know the subject. We have had parsons who reply in kind with unfortunate results. But here is one man outstanding as an economist, Railway president, banker, International Financier and churchman, who has written other volumes concerning the relation of Christian motives and methods to the present day structure of society and who now reviews the story of the church in society. To begin with, Lord Stamp, in the present volume, makes a careful study of the exact situation in which Jesus lived, and concludes that the people of Galilee were paying as taxes not less than forty per cent of their total income in cash and commodities, an intolerable burden for those with small incomes.

In this situation the author sets what he understands to be the main teaching of Jesus. While this account is satisfactory so far as it goes, it ignores that element to which New Testament scholarship gives increasing attention—the revolutionary aspects which have been taken over by Marx from Christianity. This element is found in the expectation of Jesus that the existing world order of His age was about to end in a Divine intervention and a new society. Such an outlook rendered detailed reforms unnecessary and silence on such matters must be interpreted accordingly. Very interesting is the study of the changing attitude of the church to particular economic problems and their solution. Never is it enough to change a man's heart by christian motive, such changed life can function only when

changes are made in social structure. Vitamin D is essential to health we are told but is useful only as one small element in a very mixed diet.

The great manifestoes issued from the Vatican, from Oxford and from the Christian Industrial Fellowship are summarised and compared, while the author gives his own conclusions in a closing chapter of rare delicacy, sympathy and discrimination. There is no disposition to whitewash the existing order which must become more accordant with christian aims; but the christian motive must operate, says the author, in compelling an urgent quest for remedies. A careful analysis of the various sources from which profit is legitimately derived leaves the reader to face the vast area in which the profit motive makes for exploitation. No comfort is given to those who expect a social order or even a policy which is perfectly christian, since personal disposition has to operate in a world of physical, physiological, economic and geographical conditions quite beyond the control of individual devotion. The book will be valuable to many groups of people as making for understanding and for courage.

—ERNEST THOMAS.

The Mind of Criminals

PROBLEMS IN PRISON PSYCHIATRY: J. G. Wilson, M.D., and M. J. Pescor, M.D.; Copp Clark (Caxton); pp. 275; \$3.00.

PROBLEMS related to crime and criminals have been receiving considerable attention in recent years from workers in many fields. The present work is of importance in that it is probably the first attempt to focus attention on the prison itself, to define types of criminals within that setting,

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and to evaluate the use of imprisonment in respect to rehabilitation and reform.

The first chapter and the appendix together provide a good resume of the history of penal practice and the present level of development in various countries. The central problem of the book concerns the conflict which exists between the prison as a place for punishment and detention and the prison as an agency for rehabilitation and reform. Within the institution itself, discipline dominates the picture, imposing regimentation and conformity on the prisoner. Reform demands that the individual be studied and handled in such a way that his own peculiar personality will be the prime factor in laying down a program for him. These considerations have led to efforts to classify prisoners in various ways so that different types may receive appropriate programs of work, recreation, etc. Our authors believe that the most important type of classification is one based on psychiatric considerations. The book is largely devoted to a discussion of six such classes which include divisions into the Normal, Feeble-minded, the Psychoneurotic and the Psychotic. Additional chapters are included dealing with the homosexual prisoner, the recidivist, and prison discipline. In conclusion, the view is expressed that a good deal of time and money could be better employed if about three fourths of the prison staff and the same proportion of the inmates were to be removed from prison altogether and these groups were to carry on the work of rehabilitation out in society where there is some hope of success.

While the book is undoubtedly of value and importance because of the material and the approach, there are certain weaknesses which should be mentioned. The psychiatric classification seems adequate enough, but like all psychiatric labelling devices, creaks a little at the joints and cannot be regarded as the last word by any means. There is a noticeable tendency on the part of the authors to adopt a somewhat narrow, antiquated and inadequate psychological approach, in which instincts, faculties of the "mind," and the acceptance of an organic basis for mental ills plays a large part. There is also a deplorable display of fuzzy moralizing which is distinctly out of place. This is particularly noticeable in the chapter on the homosexual prisoner. The style and form are just a little below the standard which one has come to expect in specialized works by authors who are not primarily literary men.

For those who are interested in problems of crime, criminals and prison administration the defects mentioned will not prevent this work from serving as a stimulating study and a valuable source of information.

—FERGUS TOBIN.

Briefs

YOU REMEMBER THE CASE: Tod Claymore; Nelson; pp. 306; \$2.00.

THERE are detective stories in which the action matters, not the actors; crime novels in which the actors matter, and the action serves mainly to display their characters; and perhaps detective novels, in which a fairly good balance is kept. This book is a crime novel, and a good one. Only a very inattentive reader would be very much baffled by the problem of detection; but only a very ungrateful reader would care much. The dialogue is easy and bright, the characters wittily drawn, with a light touch of malice. The action is swift, adequately complicated, and gratifyingly violent. There is a love story, but it is cleverly worked in as an essential part of the plot.

It's an English country-house crime; but none of the main

characters come from the ordinary stock-bin, and the hero, an unsuccessful playwright and successful tennis player, is a very satisfactory creation. The book reads as if some novelist already successful in another field—or, to judge by the quality of the dialogue, some playwright—had tried his hand at a crime story. It was a good idea.

—L. A. M.

EDUCATION: W. H. Auden and T. C. Worsley; Longmans (Hogarth); 15c.

EDUCATION" is a very good pamphlet. It sets forth certain facts about education in England, delves into a mixture of history and theory, and ends up with ten pages of practical suggestions. It is well arranged, very well written, full of arresting statements and constructive ideas. A great deal of it is fully relevant to Canadian conditions, at any rate in the East. Just to whet your appetite, here are three quotations from many one would like to make:

"Loyalty and intelligence are mutually hostile."

"The teacher should know more about life than other people; he knows less; sometimes he realizes this; his pupils always do."

"The psychology a teacher needs is that of a sensitive, observant, intelligent man or woman of the world, not potted McDougall (for which, if you like, substitute any behaviorist)."

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History Of An Autumn: Christopher Morley; Lippincott; pp. 81; \$1.00.

This is a bit of autobiography: the author's during the crisis in September and October, 1938, in New York. Pleasantly written, and in places quite charming, but too easy-going, too ready to see the brighter side of Munich, an attitude now shown cruelly wrong for Czechoslovakia at least. That does not make it less true as the intended picture of the ordinary man's reactions in those already far off days. Some may judge it a trifle precious and even irrelevant; but that's the kind of book it is and of its kind it's very nice.

What Hitler Wants: E. O. Lorimer; Collins (Penguin Special); pp. 185; 20c.

This book is a heterogeneous collection of extracts from the original German version of Mein Kampf, the speeches of German leaders, official documents of the German Government and the writings of Herr Rosenberg. Its aim is to bring home to us the real aims of the Nazi regime, explicitly stated in German documents but not well-known to English readers. This no doubt is a laudable intention and the selections are carefully chosen for their "scare value."

Stevenson At Silverado: Anne Roller Issler; Caxton Printers; pp. 247; \$3.50.

In the summer of 1880 Robert Louis Stevenson and Fanny Osbourne honeymooned as squatters in a decayed shanty of an abandoned silver mine north of San Francisco. There Stevenson made one of many rallies from the grave, shed some of his immaturities as man and writer, and made the notes which grew into his "Silverado Squatters." Mrs. Issler has collected here all the memories of Stevenson which linger in the minds of living people he met that summer.

The Stevenson fan will find, in the midst of many lugubrious trivialities a few facts of interest in relation to a crucial moment in the author's life. The native of Napa County, California, will bask in the deserved praise of the beauties of his neck of the woods. The common reader is likely to get lost in the rambling banalities of detail and style.

—E. B.

You Remember The Case: Tod Claymore; Nelson; pp. 306; \$2.00.

Blubber Ship: Nial O'Malley Keyes; Oxford (Harrap); pp. 274; \$2.75.

Oriental Assembly: T. E. Lawrence; Nelson (Williams Norgate); pp. 291; \$3.00.

Black Folk: W. E. Burghart DuBois; Oxford (Holt); pp. 401; \$3.50.

Six New Letters Of Thomas Paine: ed. Harry H. Clark; Univ. of Wisconsin; pp. 63; \$2.50.

Old Gods Falling: Malcolm Elwin; Collins; pp. 412; \$4.50.

Government And The Governed: R. H. S. Crossman; Christophers (London); 7/6.

Cowboy Dances: Lloyd Shaw; Copp Clark (Caxton); pp. 375; \$3.50.

Co-operatives in the U.S., A Balance Sheet: Maxwell; S. Stewart; pp. 32; 10c.

Gringo Doctor: I. J. Bush; Copp Clark (Caxton) pp. 261; \$3.00.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Mention in this list does not preclude review in this or later issue).

Two Generations: Frederick Philip Grove; Ryerson; pp. 261; \$2.50.

A Book Of Miracles: Ben Hecht; Macmillan (Viking); pp. 465; \$3.00.

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